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FRANCE AND GERMANY.

SO few compliments have of late years been paid to the English nation and Government, that the satisfaction expressed in France with the policy and conduct of Lord STANLEY excites a kind of agreeable surprise. The assurance that the London Conference has restored the influence and reputation of England on the Continent is perhaps not strictly true. Wisdom, or rather common sense, may have been exhibited both in the proposal and in the management of the negotiations; but great countries pride themselves rather on their power than on their sagacity, and the service rendered to France and Prussia might have been performed by any insignificant State, except in the matter of the guarantee. If the disputants had been obstinate, the neutral Powers would not have pretended to dictate peace. The Conference, under the guidance of England, has accomplished the modest task of devising a method which purported to save the honour of both parties in the controversy. It was necessary that sacrifices should be equal and reciprocal; and accordingly France renounced the pretension of acquiring a province by purchase, while Prussia, in consideration of a European guarantee against French aggression, consented to evacuate the fortress of Luxemburg after an occupation of more than fifty years. There was perhaps some slight deviation from strict impartiality, inasmuch as the French Government had commenced the dispute as a mere intruder; but the assent of Prussia to the Conference was equivalent to a promise of some concession, and the withdrawal of the garrison was the most obvious mode of satisfying France. After discharging with conscientious fidelity the duty of a neutral mediator, England ought not too readily to accept the ostentatious thanks of either litigant. The gratitude and approval expressed by some French journalists involve an indirect assumption that the decision of the Conference has been unfavourable, if not hostile, to Prussia; and it is highly undesirable that the arbitrator should sanction a misinterpretation of the grounds of his award. The goodwill of France is valuable, but it is not less important to preserve the friendship of Germany. The Conference had no intention of giving either party a diplomatic triumph. If it were desirable to correct an erroneous version by exaggeration on the other side, it might be plausibly contended that the Prussian Government has gained a great advantage in establishing the right of prohibiting any encroachment on German territory, for it is nearly certain that no second Luxemburg question will be agitated during the present generation. The Emperor NAPOLEON has satisfied himself that the Germans are not afraid of war, and that Frenchmen in general have learned to value the benefits of peace. Unless some unexpected political revolution occurs, the natural boundaries of France will not be hereafter confounded with the Rhine. No fortress would have prevented the invasion of Germany if there had seemed to be any reasonable chance of reconquering the possessions of the First Empire; but recent experience has shown that a foreign enemy would have to deal with the undivided strength of Germany.

A consciousness of the check which has been received may be traced in the language both of official and of non-official Frenchmen. The FOREIGN MINISTER, in his formal communications to the Senate and the Legislative Body, affected to treat the terms of peace as a recognition of the right of France to protest against the Prussian occupation of Luxemburg. The fortress was described as constituting an affront or a menace, and it was true that the frontier arrangements of 1815 were contrived for the avowed purpose of providing against French aggression. But it was certainly not true that the Conference, in substituting a guarantee for a fortified place, in-

tended to renounce any security against a disturbance of the balance of power. It was perhaps natural that the Minister's statements should be received in silence. If the French have the good sense to be anxious for peace, old traditions incline them to feel a kind of shame in confessing their satisfaction on escaping the necessity of a contest. On one occasion the Prussian Ambassador was present as a spectator, and it was thought that he might be unduly flattered by any expression of a desire for peace. The sudden outburst of philanthropic sentiment in French workshops and factories has not hitherto commanded any perceptible sympathy among the upper classes of society. The Legislative Body is still the same assembly which has applauded the turbulent speeches of M. THIERS; and the EMPEROR himself has thought it prudent to proclaim the equally ambitious policy of destroying the Treaties of 1815. There is no doubt that war is thoroughly unpopular in France, but every generation retains the phrases of the past for some time after it has discarded the corresponding opinions. M. DE MOUSTIER endeavoured, with little success, to persuade the great bodies of the State that the settlement effected by the London Conference was a realization of the promises of Auxerre. It was convenient to forget that, on the eve of the German war, the EMPEROR spoke not only of the practical repeal of the obnoxious treaties, but of territorial compensation to France for the possible aggrandizement of Prussia. The first attempt to redeem the pledge consisted in the extraordinary demand of M. DROUYN DE LHUYS for a surrender of some German province on the Rhine. The negotiation with the King of HOLLAND for the purchase of Luxemburg, to be ratified by the ceremony of universal suffrage, aimed at a literal fulfilment of the EMPEROR's expectations. With imminent risk and considerable expense, France has gained a nominal advantage, and at the same time it has been clearly proved that nothing more will be attainable. The warlike enthusiasm of the chief Orleanist journal is, like many French demonstrations of interest in foreign affairs, designed to bear on domestic policy. While reasonable politicians in all countries are demanding the reduction of excessive armaments, the ingenious writer in the *Journal des Débats* declares that, on the contrary, it is necessary to devote extraordinary attention to the efficiency of the army. Prussia would never, it is said, have objected to the purchase of Luxemburg if the arsenals had been full, if cavalry regiments had not left their horses behind in Mexico, and if the infantry had been armed with breech-loading rifles. The only security against further humiliation is to be found in the correction of existing defects, and in the avoidance of a repetition of political and military mismanagement. In other words, Mexico was a blunder, the Imperial Government has proved inadequate even to its favourite duty of organizing a powerful army, and the honour of France has been compromised through the weakness and incapacity of its rulers. The restrictions imposed on the press have long since taught French satirists the art of seeming to aim in a direction opposite to that of the object which they are about to strike. Oblique allusions and subtle parables are the natural consequences of interference with plain comments on the conduct of public affairs.

If credit is to be attached to German statements, the charge of insufficient preparation cannot be justly urged against the Imperial Government. It is impossible to keep any army during peace in immediate readiness for a campaign; but some hundreds of thousands of men would by next week have been assembled on the Eastern frontier, if the deliberations of the Conference had not led to the conclusion of a peaceable settlement. The purchase of horses, of forage, and of provisions was proceeding rapidly, and the fleet was preparing to assert its uncontested superiority at sea. The general uneasiness which was felt by reflecting Frenchmen arose, not from

conscious military weakness, but from the knowledge that equal or superior forces would be at the disposal of the enemy. At some future time the great Continental Powers will perhaps discover that there is unnecessary waste in the maintenance of two enormous armies to keep one another in awe; but for the present there is little prospect of a general disarmament. French vanity has been sensibly wounded, and Germany entertains excusable suspicions. The North-German Parliament has entrusted the control of all military affairs for three or four years to the King of PRUSSIA; and, at least during the continuance of his dictatorial power, there will be no reduction of the army. Although the peace of Western Europe seems to be temporarily assured, there is too much reason to fear the effects of Russian designs against Turkey, and a long time must elapse before the confidence is restored which lasted with little interruption from 1815 till the time of the Crimean war. Sanguine theorists already boast that the authority of the European tribunal has been revived by the success of the recent Conference. There has perhaps been no previous instance of an arbitration conducted on the principles which were recommended in 1856 by the Plenipotentiaries of Paris. It is not, however, enough to assemble a body of diplomatists for the purpose of giving good advice. Adversaries who are anxious to be reconciled welcome the counsels of a mediator; but it is only when the collective force of the neutral Powers is available against an obstinate aggressor that a Congress or a Conference affords any strong security for peace.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

FURIOUS politicians pronounce that Mr. DISRAELI has been offering Parliament, in his Reform Bill, a mere imposture. The compound householder is injured, deluded, and deceived; and the wrongs of the compound householder are the greatest that man, in his political capacity, has ever had to endure. That the compound householder who has already paid his rates should be called on to take the futile trouble of paying them again and recouping himself, is said to be nothing less than a gigantic fraud. But, at any rate, it must be owned that with this one fraud Mr. DISRAELI is content. Having carried this one point, he is singularly indifferent to every other. So many things once thought essential to Conservatism are flung away, and they are flung away so easily, that it almost escapes notice how many and how important they are. Of the numerous checks that have been invented to limit the suffrage, this alone is retained. The past week has been fruitful in the examples of the ease with which all other checks are abandoned. Mr. DENMAN proposed that it should be stated to be enough that the compound householder had caused his rate to be paid. To this the Government replied that it was totally unnecessary to express this, because the Bill was so drawn that the landlord might act as the tenant's agent, and pay his rates. If the landlord will but take a receipt in the tenant's name, and not in his own, the law will be satisfied. This is no very great thing, now that the tenant is to pay the full rate, but at least a member of the Opposition wished it so to be, thinking, we presume, that some good would come of it to the injured compound householder. And in the remark he made on redistribution, when bringing in the Scotch Bill, Mr. DISRAELI talked in exactly the same spirit. His language is not at all that of a man who is seeking by new contrivances to fetter the power of his enemies. At the beginning of the Session we used to hear of nothing but schemes for giving the minority a fair share of the representation. Wealth and rank, and all that is dear to Conservatism, were to get an advantage by new arrangements of the voting power, and especially by the addition of a third member to constituencies. This device has been considered by the Cabinet and rejected. It is pronounced by Mr. DISRAELI to be faulty in principle. It is not with the mop of Mr. BUXTON and his friends that Mr. DISRAELI hopes to stem the force of the Atlantic. His whole views about redistribution seem to have changed. He acknowledges that redistribution must before long be carried much further than he now proposes to carry it, and he looks on the smaller boroughs, not as a sacred possession of landowners, not as special homes of men great in trade, in professions, and in colonial knowledge, but as an easy means whereby new constituencies may hereafter have justice. He also, in discussing the Scotch Bill, expressly repudiated the notion that he wished to make the landowners supreme in the counties by taking the country towns out of the county constituencies. He holds it now to be a grave accusation that he should be said to be endeavouring

to do that which he used to say landowners had a clear right to get done. This is a most remarkable feature in the history of the Session. Every limitation on an extended franchise has been abandoned, except that one limitation which advanced Reformers think so detestable. One of them, speaking at St. James's Hall on Wednesday night, said that the Reform Bill was like a precious tulip-bulb which one lady was obliged to give another, but which she took care to boil beforehand, lest it should grow and bloom. We do not think the comparison quite just. The Reform Bill is like a tulip-bulb which has been sent to a friend wrapped in one little scrubby bit of brown paper. The friend knows perfectly well that the little bit of brown paper must be taken off before the bulb will grow, but then it is so very little trouble taking off a bit of brown paper.

On Monday night, after a very short debate, and with no serious opposition from any side, a vote was given to the lodger who pays 10*l.* a year for his lodging, and has resided in the same lodging for a year. It was impossible to pretend that he discharged a public duty in return for acquiring a public privilege. The lodger pays no one but his landlord. The lodger who votes is simply marked off from lodgers who do not vote by the fact that he pays four shillings a week, and they pay less. That this is against the principle of the Bill was an obvious taunt, but Mr. DISRAELI immediately disposed of it by saying that the principle of the Bill was not personal ratepaying. He was quite right, but that he should openly state this shows how fast the tide of events had carried him and his hearers since the beginning of the Session. There is no longer any pretence of a principle in making the compound householder pay his own rates. It is acknowledged to be merely a check, an impediment artificially thrown in the way of householders for the moment, so that the establishment of unimpeded household suffrage may be remitted to another Parliament. Great injustice is done to the Government by Liberals who fix their attention on this one poor rag of limitation that is left. They ought to take into consideration that no other limitation has been preserved, or attempted to be preserved; and if democracy in England is an evil, and if it is really possible, then democracy, with all its evils, has been established by the Conservative party. The old order of things so familiar to Englishmen, the subject of so much praise and so much criticism, has passed away for ever. The checks and balances that were supposed to be preserved so carefully in the English Constitution have been taken away. The theory of Parliamentary government has faded into obscurity. The old theory was that there was a party attached to the old ways and the old traditions, which kept a watch upon and exercised a control over the party that longed for new things and was eager for change. The House of Lords existed to make reckless change impossible or very difficult, to wield a suspensive power, to put a most serious obstacle in the path of popular caprice or enthusiasm. At the critical moment this theory has been tried and found wanting. The Conservative party introduce a change far wider, far more radical, and far more democratic than any proposed by their opponents. There is no opposition to check them; there is no reaction of the Conservative party against its leaders, or of Conservative constituencies against their members; no voice of remonstrance or dissent is heard, and everything goes on as smoothly towards a vast alteration in our system as if we were under a despotism, and not in a land of free debate and of great Tory landowners. The House of Lords is practically extinguished. No one thinks of it or cares for its opinions or decisions, because the Bill is the Bill of Lord DERBY, and the Upper House is supposed to be ready to do exactly what Lord DERBY wishes. The democratic effect of the mode in which the Reform Bill is passed will probably be even greater than that of the Bill itself. It would, however, be unjust to blame the Conservative party for this. It is but the instrument that works out a result which seems to it inevitable. The life and heart is gone out of Conservatism. Its party has no principle to assert; its own peculiar stronghold, the House of Lords, has become as if non-existent; it laughs and makes merry when it is told, and clearly sees, that it is outbidding its old enemies in the appeal to the favour of the multitude. It has got, like SAMSON, to pull down the pillars of the old Constitution, and it does not see why, unlike SAMSON, it should not pull them down in a cheery and affable manner.

In a time of such excitement it is not a matter of wonder that violent passions should be aroused and violent language used. The extraordinary scene between Mr. HARVEY LEWIS and Mr. LAYARD on Thursday night shows what is going on in what may be called the kitchen of political life. Whether

Marylebone likes that sort of man for member in the affair of Marylebone. But in the parlour sphere of politics there is also much language used that has no justification. The denunciations so unsparingly uttered by Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GLADSTONE against all who differ from them are conceived in a spirit of intolerance that ought to be alien to the leaders of a party that calls itself Liberal. There is no getting at what they want. Mr. GLADSTONE says that he has finally abandoned his scheme of a fixed line. This is all very well, but he had not abandoned it when those whom he censures for not voting with him last week showed themselves to be what Mr. LAYARD, in his amiable way, calls "traitors." And now that Mr. GLADSTONE has given up his hard, fixed line, what does he want? What is the flag that true men are to rally round? What is the alternative plan he has to propose that strong Liberals and ardent Reformers are to prefer to the Government plan? He will not say. He reserves to himself full liberty to strike out a plan some day. This is no comfort or guide to any one; and he must know perfectly well that there is now only one alteration in the plan of the Government possible, the abolition of the personal payment of rates, and the present House of Commons has decided that it will permit this one frail temporary check on household suffrage to exist. Mr. BRIGHT says that he does not believe that the English boroughs and the Scotch boroughs not affected by the Small Tenements Act will leave their unhappy neighbours in the lurch. If so, why refuse to leave it to them and to the compound householders, who have but to make a single effort, to get rid of this tiny restriction on the suffrage hereafter? But if Mr. GLADSTONE falls into mistakes, so does Mr. DISRAELI. As Mr. BRIGHT humorously and happily said, he has had too much corn. He is not used to success, and to carry the House with him, and to see Mr. GLADSTONE in a minority. His extra corn makes him kick and splash about in an indecorous way. What Mr. GLADSTONE said in reply to Mr. DISRAELI's severe attack on him for giving a meeting to the friends of Mr. T. POTTER was very true. It is not for a Minister of the Crown to talk wildly and use expressions at random. In a humbler sphere, Mr. LAYARD may call Mr. LEWIS a traitor, and Mr. LEWIS may answer in that plain Saxon-English of which he seems proud; but a Minister should not bandy such words as "incendiaries" and "sedition," as if they meant nothing, and were mere terms of genteel party abuse. May we not ask both sides to rule their tongues for the rest of the Session, now that the real contest about the Bill is over? If our present system of Parliamentary Government is to die, let it at least die decently, and let clamour and bitterness be hushed as it falls.

ITALY.

THE long-expected Italian Budget has arrived; and M. FERRARA, the new Italian Finance Minister, has expounded his views with all necessary candour. Candour, indeed, is a virtue which most recent Italian financiers have found themselves forced to practice. The fact that the national revenue has failed to balance the expenditure is known both at home and abroad, and each successive Cabinet is in the position of a doctor who has been summoned to minister to a desperate disease. "The present," as M. FERRARA told his audience, "is no time for illusions, and 'though at ordinary periods political prudence might dictate 'reserve, such is not the case now.' A prospective deficit of 580 millions has to be met, and the one thing to be done is to meet it. M. FERRARA's objection to the use of an extraordinary paper currency is one which will find acceptance with most English critics. Like the rest of the world, he has observed the lights which recent American statesmanship has thrown on some of the dark pages of political economy; but while M. FERRARA admits that paper currency may be a "plank of safety" for those who are shipwrecked, it is a plank which causes the "greatest discomfort to those who sit upon it permanently." Upon the other hand, almost every available resource has been tried which Italy can afford. Economy will do something, and taxation more; but the two together are incompetent, it is thought, to deal with so alarming a sum as 580 millions of deficit. Loans, railways, and other national property have been flung by successive Governments into the yawning chasm, without its showing the faintest signs of closing; and nothing now remains to be sacrificed except the doomed property of the Church. Extraordinary taxation is only confiscation in disguise; and M. FERRARA's financial projects may be said, accordingly, to include a scheme for nationalizing or confiscating a considerable portion of ecclesiastical property. For

the sake of the convenience of the Government, the conversion will take the form of a forced tax, which is to be farmed out to Messrs. ROTHSCHILD, the Cr dit Foncier of Paris, and the National Bank of Italy for collection, at a percentage of three per cent. It is to be hoped that the contract has been effected without any of the discreditable scandal which accompanied the late LANGRAND-DUMONCEAU agreement; and that no political or clerical intrigues have been connected on this occasion with the choice of a national finance company. If the contracting company or partnership are to perform what appears to be a part of their undertaking, and to pay into the Treasury the half-yearly instalments of the tax on each occasion before they become due, the percentage charged to the nation may not be excessive when the risks attaching to the collection and to delay are taken into calculation. At all events M. FERRARA, whose knowledge of figures is not contested, assures the Chamber that the charge is not excessive, and it is less by seven per cent. than the percentage allowed under the LANGRAND-DUMONCEAU agreement. The first payment, which will fall in on the first of the new year, will, if the circumstances of the country permit, be applied to extinguishing the forced paper currency; but in no case will this salutary step be postponed beyond the first day of the following June. After allowing for the relief to be afforded by the conversion of the ecclesiastical patrimony, it still will remain imperatively necessary to establish an equilibrium between the expenditure and the revenue. Changes are to be effected in the Customs, but with the view of abolishing tariffs which are virtually prohibitory, and which lead rather to contraband trade than to any increase of revenue; and, in the next place, of improving the administration of the Customs-offices by introducing what M. FERRARA calls *Regia co-interessata*, or a system of administrative co-interest or co-operation. Other administrative changes in the method of collecting and assessing taxes on articles of consumption, and on landed or personal property, form part of the Ministerial Budget. The crowning feature, and the most important of all, is, however, the ultimate and threatened reimposition at a given date of the *macinata*, or tax upon grinding corn. This suggestion was received by the Chamber, as it well might be, with sensation. After all previous experience of the temper of the Italian people on the subject, M. FERRARA's boldness in again introducing the prospect of so odious an impost deserves at all events our admiration.

The excitement of the new Budget, and the pleasurable feeling that European tranquillity has obtained a new lease, has for the moment put an end to all other Italian movements of importance. Meanwhile there is no doubt that the conduct and attitude of the King of ITALY continue to inspire his supporters with some anxiety and his enemies with hope. M. FERRARA accidentally dropped, in his speech, an undesigned intimation of the reasons why the late RICASOLI Cabinet fell. Difficulties in the way of carrying out their plan for the conversion of Church property "increased little" by little to such an extent as to succeed in depriving "the country of its enlightened and conscientious leaders." Baron RICASOLI's Church scheme, in what M. FERRARA ingeniously terms its "primitive form," was certainly unacceptable to the country. Its effect and purpose was to emancipate the Church of Rome from State control, at a crisis in Italian politics at which she had shown herself turbulent, vigilant, and anti-national. The character of M. RICASOLI alone prevented a serious outbreak of indignation. But the odium which the late Premier, in virtue of his known sincerity and manliness escaped, fell on the devoted head of VICTOR EMMANUEL. Messages were said, not perhaps without reason, to be passing between the Florence Court and the Vatican. Persons known to be interested in the LANGRAND-DUMONCEAU contract were believed to be on suspicious terms of intimacy with some of the most reactionary members of the Papal circle, and an autograph letter was reported to have been seen, the contents of which were calculated to compromise in no slight degree its Royal author. If the intrigue had really existed which rumour asserted to exist, it would have amounted to nothing short of a monarchical plot for the subversion of the constitutional liberties of the country. The King of ITALY has been suspected recently of an unnatural solicitude about the welfare of his soul. It is probably true that he has been seized with an ambition to be the instrument of reconciling Italy in his own lifetime to the Church. So long as Italian legislation is in the hands of an anti-Catholic Chamber, any friendship between Italy and the Papacy must remain a visionary hope, and scandal pointed out a Royal *coup d' tat* as the only possible basis for the desired reconciliation. It was thought that, if HIS MAJESTY

would consent to turn traitor to the Constitution, His HOLINESS might be persuaded to admit an Italian garrison within the walls of Rome. It is to be hoped and believed that so puerile and perilous a design never entered the KING's head; but the experience of all history proves that unpopular monarchs are condemned by popular opinion less for the actual crimes which they commit than for the crimes which they are thought capable of committing. A provincial king taken, as SAUL was from his father's asses, to be ruler over a new and scarcely homogeneous Empire, ought to be as far above suspicion as CÆSAR's wife. It is VICTOR EMANUEL's fault or his misfortune to have become distrusted by a large class of his own subjects. Meanwhile one wave followed closely upon another. The LANGRAND-DUMONCEAU contract was accused, justly or unjustly, of being mixed up with financial jobbery, as well as with ecclesiastical intrigue. Promotion money was loudly whispered of. Deputies, whose names it would be unnecessary and perhaps improper to mention, were accused of a dishonourable complicity in a scheme which was to be worked both to the national disadvantage and to the benefit of individuals. Feeling on the subject became so strong that the Cabinet which had ratified the unpopular agreement did not venture to complete the bargain by submitting it to the criticism of a hostile Chamber. And when, to crown all, a mysterious Ministerial crisis occurred, which no one has ventured authoritatively to discuss, the public anxiety became considerable. It is needless to dwell on the great danger there is of lending too facile an ear to calumnies of the kind to which we have referred. Crowned heads are often victims of the most unwarrantable gossip. But it is easy to perceive how the unpopularity of the Italian KING is introducing a fresh element of difficulty into Italian politics. Every part of the new Ministerial measure for the conversion of Church property will be curiously scanned, to see if no subtle design for favouring the Papacy underlies it. M. FERRARA's proposition, therefore, will come before the Italian public at an advantage in one respect, but at a disadvantage in another. It is in its favour that it differs from the abortive plan which the last Government proposed, but could not carry through. On the other hand, one can conceive that the substitution of an extraordinary tax for a simple measure of conversion or confiscation, though the sum really to be levied is in both cases really identical, will provoke comment and question. In order fully to judge of its merits, it is necessary to wait for ample explanations of a Bill the meagre outlines of which alone have been transmitted to this country by M. REUTER's telegraph. So far as one can judge from the intelligence which has reached us, both Budget and Bill seem to be favourably received by the general public.

The unwillingness of the Italians to consent to any step which would increase the independence of the Church of Rome is occasionally compared by Ultramontane journalists to the reluctance of PHARAOH to let the children of Israel go. The notions of State necessity which influenced the King of EGYPT were not altogether unlike those which animate the Italians. They feel that the Church has become too powerful and compact a society to be dismissed at a moment's notice from State control. CAVOUR's programme of a free Church in a free State is one which is easily realized when the religious community is weak, but not so easily when the religious community which it is sought to liberate is strong. In his circular letter M. RICASOLI justified his adhesion to the doctrine by citing the instance of America. His critics felt tempted to observe that the condition of religious sects in the New World is singularly devoid of anything which can alarm a statesman. In America one Church balances another. There is not a preponderating, still less is there any dominant, religion; and in emancipating all creeds alike, the Government of the Union runs no risk of being at some future day confronted with a spiritual organization of threatening dimensions. The Old World, especially such portions of it as have been under the shadow of the Papacy, is not in the same case. The Catholic Church in Italy is not only mistress of the consciences of a vast number of the poorer classes, but has taken actual possession of the soil. It is an *imperium in imperio*, a match for, and a certain antagonist of, any feeble Executive. If the Church of Rome, like the Mormon body, would be content to retire in peace to a distant corner of the Peninsula, the State would probably offer no objections to its complete emancipation. As long as its influence is felt over every inch of Italian territory, Italian politicians may be pardoned for exhibiting a jealousy of it which on purely abstract grounds might be denounced as illiberal and intolerant.

THE SCOTCH REFORM BILL.

THE Bill to be brought in by the Government for Reform in Scotland has, so far as the borough franchise is concerned, the same merits, and is open to the same objections, as the English Bill. All resident householders paying rates are to have votes in boroughs. This is exactly the same provision as that which is to affect English boroughs. But in Scotland the Bill will work from the outset better than that for England. There are no compound householders in Scotland, and at this moment it seems to be one of the greatest of blessings to be born in a happy country where there are no compound householders. In Scotland the landlord and the tenant each pay half the rates, unless the tenant is exempted by the action of a Local Board from payment altogether. Practically, householders paying less than a 4*l.* rental are thus exempted; but all Scotch householders occupying houses rented at 4*l.* or more will at once come on the register. They only pay half the rate, but what they are called on to pay they pay themselves; and they will thus become voters at once, for in Scotland a qualified voter is placed on the register by a simple self-acting process of which the Scotch members are justly proud. While, therefore, English and Scotch householders are nominally treated exactly in the same way, the new borough franchise will work from the outset much better than in England. Even the members of the Opposition who spoke on Monday night all agreed that no proposal so liberal and so satisfactory had ever been made by any Government. Mr. MONCRIEFF calculates that it will at once add to the constituency of Edinburgh three times the number that would have been added under the Bill of last year, and he could only express a not unnatural astonishment that such a sweeping change should have been proposed by a Conservative Government. There was nothing for Liberals to do but to record their gratitude and satisfaction. But then the objections to the English Bill also apply to the Scotch Bill, although they do not apply so widely, for the numbers proportionately affected are much smaller. If the difficulties begin in England at 6*l.* and in Scotland at 4*l.*, the householders under the line of demarcation must be many more in England than in Scotland—leaving altogether out of the calculation the greater population of England. The Scotch poor, too, if we may believe the Scotch members, have an inherent superiority over Englishmen which lessens all dangers that may arise from giving them the franchise. But still, as to the householders below a 4*l.* rental, there are, in however less a degree, the same difficulties as are felt in England about the poorest class of our householders. The Government proposes that any householder in Scotland who is not now rated may claim to be rated, and may then vote. The objection immediately arises that these very poor people will be at the mercy and under the control of their landlord, and that thus intimidation and bribery may begin to corrupt the hitherto untainted honesty of Scotch voters. So strongly was this felt, that many Liberal Scotch members implored the Government to save Scotland from this evil, and adopt the hard line of a 4*l.* rental as the limit of the franchise. The Government cannot possibly do this without abandoning the scheme of their English Bill, but nevertheless the difficulty remains. There is, too, the same objection as in England, that the constituency of each borough will depend on the caprices of the local authority, and this undeniable evil takes in Scotland an aggravated form. For in England a body difficult to manage and act upon merely decides whether the provisions of an Act of Parliament shall or shall not be adopted. In Scotland a Board answering to our Board of Guardians can deal with the incidence of rates as it pleases, and can exempt any set of persons or any classes it thinks proper. We must come, therefore, to the same conclusion with regard to Scotland as to England. The present system of levying rates is not consistent with the provisions of the new Reform Bill. They cannot go on together. In a future Session one or the other must be altered. But the obvious necessity of the change does not tempt us to regret for a moment a proposal which, directly it becomes law, will at least double the Scotch borough constituency.

The Bill has also some minor merits peculiar to itself. It meets handsomely, and in a manner very satisfactory to Scotch members, the demand for the representation in Parliament of the Scotch Universities. The Scotch are beginning to be justly proud of their Universities, which are wakening to new life; and it is to the advantage of education and learning throughout the Empire generally that a mark of respect and honour should be paid to institutions that have so many distinct excellences. The English Universities aim at and attain

a different kind of success, but no impartial judge would deny that the Scotch Universities have at least three marks of superiority. In the first place, they are really national institutions, and open the secrets of the highest knowledge to the poor as well as to the rich. In the next place, they devote an earnest attention to physical science, and in medicine, and all the sciences tributary to the art of medicine, have no superiors in the world. In the third place, they communicate, through their system of choosing temporary Presidents, with the outer world, and receive the invaluable impressions derived from the personal appearance among them of men of the highest eminence, although of very varying opinions, in politics and literature. That such bodies should have two members in the Imperial Parliament is equally fair and desirable, and we can only hope that they will do themselves justice, and will not imitate the example of their ancient sisters in England, so as to be driven, by the cry that the Kirk is in danger, into recognising no merit except that of safe mediocrity. The Bill also provides for an increase of Scotch members in the best way. Scotland is to have seven more members, but she is not to obtain them at the expense of England or Ireland. The cabalistic number of 658 is to be regarded as no longer cabalistic, and the British Constitution is to be strained once more, and 665 is for the time to be the sacred number of its Lower House. There is no valid objection to this, for Scotland must have some more members, and there is no other way in which she can get them. Lastly, we must regard it as a merit of the Bill that its framers have declined to adopt the English precedent of giving a vote to forty-shilling freeholders. What Mr. DISRAELI said was very true, that no one would think of creating such a franchise if it did not exist. In Scotland it would only lead to what is its great abuse in modern England. It would only serve to create votes. The land would be held for the vote, not the vote given to the ownership of the land; and this, like all other modes of getting a vote by a special artifice, is to be looked on as a great evil.

Redistribution excites already in Scotland the same discordance of opinion, the same apprehensions, and the same personal jealousies, that it does in England. But in Scotland redistribution is only possible on a tiny scale. There is only a very small bone to fight about, though still it is enough to quarrel over. The Government will have five seats at its disposal after the Universities have received their two members, and it proposes to give three new seats to counties and two to boroughs. The borough members say that this is not fair. In the old Parliament of Scotland, as we learn from Mr. MACLAREN, the counties had 38 members and the boroughs 43; but when, at the time of the Union, Scotland was allowed only 45 members in the Parliament of Great Britain, the counties managed to get 30 seats out of the 45, leaving only 15 to the boroughs. By the Reform Bill of 1832 the boroughs received 8 additional members, so that at present 30 Scotch members sit for counties and 23 for boroughs. Further than this, the population and the constituencies are very small in some counties. In one county there are only 181 voters, nine-tenths of whom are tenants of the same landlord. The borough members therefore urge that, even if the more populous counties should receive an additional member, yet the seats should be gained by grouping the counties where there is no perceptible constituency, and that the new seats should be given wholly, or almost entirely, to boroughs. Mr. DISRAELI produced statistics of the familiar sort, showing that the aggregate population and wealth of the counties was greater than that of the boroughs, and therefore that it was only fair the counties should have most members. This, as we know in England, does not really dispose of the claim of the boroughs; for whereas boroughs have a wholesome variety, counties are too much alike, and are too much under the influence of one single class. But as there is no chance practically of any county losing its representation, and as the counties which are to have additional members are of real importance, the boroughs will either have to content themselves with the proposal of the Government, or to ask that the number of new members to be given to Scotland may be increased. That towns so large as Dundee and Aberdeen should have a second member is not in itself an unreasonable proposal; and the Scotch are not likely to lose anything for want of asking. Of the two new seats allotted to boroughs, one is to be given to Glasgow, and one to a new group. The Government, with very sound judgment, does not propose to give a third member to the existing constituency of Glasgow, but to give one member to the southern and two to the northern portion of the town. So far all is tolerably plain sailing, but directly the Govern-

ment begins to touch the groups it gets into a hornet's nest. Mr. DISRAELI says that his principle is to let every town of 6,000 inhabitants be in some group or other, and he thinks this can be done by a rearrangement of existing groups and the creation of one new group. The members interested do not like having their burghs pulled about in this way, and they also raise the cry that Mr. DISRAELI is taking the towns out of the counties in order to strengthen the landed interest in the counties. To this he replies that he only proposes to touch eleven towns in all with a population of 75,000, and that this cannot seriously affect the counties. Whether it will do so or not is a question which no one without detailed statements or local knowledge can pretend to say; but it is very right that sufficient vigilance should be exercised to nip in the bud any project for making the county constituencies purely agrarian.

THE MALT-TAX.

COLONEL BARTELOT and his friends have been well advised in preferring a Select Committee on the Malt-tax to the customary motion for repeal or reduction. In former years the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was relieved from the necessity of defending the tax by the opportunity which was offered of protesting against a derangement of the Budget; and it was equally useless to propose a resolution affirming the expediency of removing the impost on some convenient occasion. The Minister easily satisfied the House that it would be imprudent to anticipate future legislation, and that it was irregular and objectionable to condemn particular taxes without taking the whole fiscal system into consideration. No wise commander of a fortress relies on the strength of his citadel as long as he can defend the outworks. Sir FITZROY KELLY, who now talks admirable sense on the Bench, talked a great deal of nonsense in the House of Commons about the Malt-tax, and yet in the whole course of the agitation he scarcely succeeded in provoking a confutation from Mr. GLADSTONE. He was always either too early or too late, and it was useless to discuss the effects of a tax which could by no possibility be spared. Mr. DISRAELI's unpretending Budget left no opening for Malt-tax repealers. A quarter of a million was applied to the relief of marine insurers, and the rest of the moderate surplus was appropriated to the gradual reduction of the National Debt. It was not, however, to be expected that a Conservative Government should be allowed wholly to forget the standard agricultural grievance. The county members might fairly reckon on a civil answer from Mr. DISRAELI, and they were at least secure against the irritating sophism that malt must be perpetually taxed because the coal mines of England are becoming gradually exhausted. Colonel BARTELOT's Committee will perhaps arrive at the conclusion that it is better to impose a tax on beer than on malt; but there is much to be said for the present mode of levying the impost, and the Committee has attained a considerable part of its object by the fact that it has been appointed. Colonel BARTELOT and Mr. READ contended, in sensible speeches, that a heavy tax on a partially manufactured article must necessarily affect both the producer and the consumer. As the proposition is undoubtedly true, they showed sound judgment in omitting some of the arguments which have formerly been urged by less prudent advocates.

The enthusiastic farmers who were formerly bent on fattening their cattle with malt have been almost silenced by Mr. GLADSTONE's malignant ingenuity in granting their wishes. When his Bill for making bad malt into fodder was originally passed, a few sincere believers attempted to profit by the redress of a grievance which they had been long accustomed to denounce. But the wiser agitators ceased to care for the nutritious properties of malt as soon as it became available for the food of cattle. In recent discussions barley has been almost exclusively regarded as the raw material of beer, and it is a fair subject for inquiry whether the tax shall be levied at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of the manufacturing process. Mr. GLADSTONE always dwells with characteristic earnestness on the necessity of equalizing taxation on different beverages. His sense of fiscal harmony is disturbed at the thought of untaxed beer which might come into competition with wine or spirits. A further argument for impartial taxation is furnished by the geographical distribution of various tastes in drink. As the Scotch and Irish consume whisky, it is supposed that they would feel themselves wronged by witnessing the indulgence of Englishmen in untaxed beer. The inequality would be more exceptional if two or three English counties were not already favoured at the expense of their beer-drinking coun-

trymen. Cider and beer resemble each other more closely than beer and whisky; yet no excise duty has been imposed on cider since a riot in the middle of the last century convinced the Minister of the day that anomalies were less troublesome than unpopular innovations. If the Malt-tax produced only a seventh part of its annual returns, it would be far better to repeal the duty, at the risk of Scotch and Irish discontent, than to interfere for so small a consideration with the profits of industry and with the enjoyments of consumers. If the cheapness of beer diminished in some degree the consumption of spirits, the social advantages of the change would compensate in some degree for a fractional loss of revenue. The effect of a repeal of the tax on the Customs' receipts for wine would be wholly imperceptible except by the microscopic acuteness of Mr. GLADSTONE.

The most ardent opponents of indirect taxation, living chiefly in towns, have been too ready to neglect the application of their own principles to agricultural produce. An excise duty on malt operates, like an excise duty on paper, primarily to the disadvantage of the consumer, with an indirect effect on the interests of the producer. If beer were cheaper it would be drunk in larger quantities, and there would be an additional demand for barley. Some of the speakers in the debate of last Tuesday alleged that the soil and climate of England were exceptionally well adapted to the growth of barley; and although the statement is strictly applicable only to certain parts of the country, the repeal of the Corn-laws has raised the relative price of barley as compared with wheat. On suitable soils there is already no more profitable grain crop, and a larger consumption would certainly cause the cultivation to be extended. If the tax were transferred to beer, there would perhaps be a certain saving to the consumer, or rather to the dealer; and farmers would be at liberty to apply their inferior malt to any purpose for which they might deem it suitable. As there is already perfect freedom in the use of barley, it may be doubted whether cattle would derive any considerable benefit from the change; nor would the advocates of the repeal of the Malt-tax be reconciled to an impost on their produce which was merely levied in a different form. Brewers would dislike as much as maltsters the visits of the exciseman, and it would be difficult to interfere with private brewing. When Mr. GLADSTONE charged Mr. BASS with an amount of license duty which, as the sufferer assured the House, would have qualified twelve hundred attorneys to practise, he exhibited his usual passion for minute symmetry by extending the line to private householders. It was with some difficulty that the brewers themselves persuaded the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that it would be absurd to annoy half the respectable families in the kingdom by fiscal perquisitions which would not produce at most more than twenty or thirty thousand a year. But the transference of the Malt-tax to beer would render interference with domestic brewing absolutely indispensable.

As malt is used by distillers as well as by brewers, Mr. GLADSTONE reasonably proposed that the Select Committee should examine the bearing of the spirit duties on the interests of barley-growers. It was not surprising that Colonel BARTHELOT and Mr. DONSON declined the suggestion, which was indeed scarcely intended to promote their objects. Mr. GLADSTONE made a trifling mistake which would have passed unnoticed if it had proceeded from any other quarter, when he reminded the House that English beer commanded a large sale in foreign markets. As the drawback enables the exporting merchant to sell beer free of the tax, the inquiry is properly limited to domestic consumption. English beer of superior qualities is the best in the world, but the beer of South Germany maintains a higher average level, and it is considerably cheaper. On the whole, it is probable that the Malt-tax will survive many more annual assaults. It is universally agreed that the retailers would intercept the benefit of a small reduction, and the sacrifice of three or four millions is not to be expected from any Chancellor of the Exchequer. If there were a surplus of sufficient amount, the farmers themselves would perhaps hesitate to accept the gratification of their own supposed wishes in preference to more perceptible modes of relief. The working-classes, who would profit most largely and immediately by the boon, have never joined heartily in the agricultural agitation, and until they begin to demand relief, Parliament will not be anxious to make heavy sacrifices for their benefit. Former excise-duties have been repealed almost exclusively on the demand of the consumer. The producer attracts only languid attention when he complains of the artificial restriction of the market. The recent anxiety of rival financiers to provide for the reduction of the national

debt brings another competitor into the field against the repealers of the Malt-tax. The smaller taxes, however, such as the duties on fire insurance and locomotion, may be considered as the real price which the country pays for the gratification of Mr. GLADSTONE's latest financial fancy. There is no probability that six or seven millions a year will be invested in Terminable Annuities; and if such a question were raised, the farmers would be strong enough to beat the economic theorists. Mr. DISRAELI has shelved the question for the moment by granting the Committee, and if he is in office next spring he will probably have the excuse of an insufficient surplus. At present he cannot be accused of any undue leaning to his rural supporters. It is enough to have proposed once in his official life a large diminution of the burden. Mr. GLADSTONE has not since attempted to outbid him, nor is any Chancellor of the Exchequer likely to compete for the favour of the farmers. The zeal of landowners in the cause of malt has always been doubtful or lukewarm. Almost any other tax affects either their income or their expenditure as seriously; and it is only in sympathy or deference for their tenants that they are disposed to join in the agitation. The possessors of property have, of all classes, the strongest interest in maintaining indirect taxation.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

THE Report just issued by the majority of the Railway Commissioners is a painful example of ineffectual industry. The Report itself fills nearly ninety folio pages, and the evidence, when printed, will probably be one of the most formidable blue-books ever issued. What it will cost no one probably will ever know. The Commissioners have no doubt examined, with unexampled patience, into every nook and corner of the railway world; but either from the necessity of the case, or from some other cause, the result is absolutely nothing. It is not merely because it suggests no substantial improvements that the Report of a deliberative body can be fairly condemned as feeble. Many cases may occur (and some think the present railway imbroglio one of them) where the wisest and the strongest Report that could be made would be one that should boldly and plainly say that the evils complained of were irremediable, and should prove, by irresistible facts and arguments, that the only wise course must be absolute inaction. This is, in truth, the conclusion to which the Majority-Report, in a hesitating sort of way, seems to point, but the Commissioners apparently wanted the courage and vigour to assert and demonstrate a purely negative result. They seem to have shrunk from the responsibility of coming quite empty-handed before the public; and, being unable to hit upon any suggestions of appreciable value, they have paraded with exceptional pomp of typography a string of recommendations which are certainly the feeblest that ever issued from a Royal Commission. This will be very disappointing to all who (without accepting the wild scheme of a compulsory purchase of all the English railways) did hope that some way would be found by the Commission to mitigate the financial difficulties which oppress so many Railway Companies, and at the same time to provide cheaper and better accommodation than the public are at present able to command. Still, if the problem is insoluble, the Commission can scarcely be blamed for not finding a solution; though we cannot help thinking that it would have been better to say, in so many words, that nothing could be done, than to offer such a mockery of reform as is supposed to be contained in their substantive recommendations.

Passing over the merely negative decisions, we find first a proposal that Parliament should leave the incorporation and financial affairs of Railway Companies "to be dealt with under the Joint Stock Companies' Act," that the Companies' Clauses Consolidation Act should, as respects the audit of accounts, "be assimilated to the provisions of the Joint Stock Companies' Act"; and that Parliament should limit its own action to regulating the construction of the line, and the relations between the Company and the public; "requiring such guarantees as may be necessary for the purpose of securing the due performance of the conditions upon the faith of which the Parliamentary powers of the Company may have been granted." It is difficult to imagine what can come out of this recommendation, and not very easy to pick out from the rather slovenly phraseology what was really in the minds of the Commission. We presume that by the Joint Stock Companies' Act the Report means the Companies' Act, 1862, and not the repealed statutes which were known as the Joint Stock Companies' Acts; but if so, it is strange that the Commission should not have been aware that that Act contains no provisions whatever re-

specting the audit of accounts. Every Company established under that Act may have a good audit, or a bad audit, or no audit at all, just as it pleases; and unless it was for the sake of seeming to recommend something, it is impossible to guess why the Commission propose that the audit clauses of the Companies' Clauses Act should be assimilated to a non-existent enactment. It is not much easier to account for the proposal that Parliament should require such guarantees as the Report affects to describe. Parliament has been for years exhausting its ingenuity in endeavouring to hit upon some guarantees which might ensure that Railway Companies should do their duty, but Parliamentary contracts and deposits and limitations of borrowing powers and the like have proved equally ineffectual. In this emergency some help may have been looked for from a Royal Commission. If any one could discover the right plan, they ought to be able to do so; and the result of their labours is before us. Parliament is to require "such guarantees as may be necessary." What sort of guarantees, and how to be enforced, is left to the wisdom or the bewilderment of Parliament. Surely it did not need a dozen of the Trusty and Well-beloved to propound this instructive oracle. The other recommendations under the head of Private Bill Legislation are stamped with the same feebleness. As the Board of Trade now reports on all Railway Bills before they go into Committee (which Reports are notoriously unheeded), it is proposed that the same Board should report again upon the amendments introduced in Committee; just as if Parliament, which will not even attend to the preliminary suggestions of the Board of Trade, would allow that department to overrule the decisions of its own Committees.

On the great subject of railway fares, the Commission, while advising that the Companies should be allowed to charge what they like within the Parliamentary maximum, think that they ought to give a reasonable warning of any increase in fares, and a week's notice of any change in the time-list. We imagine that such notices are generally issued now on most lines, and though we should value the convenience of getting our *Bradshaws* in good time, this is perhaps a small subject for compulsory legislation. Nor can we discover any great public benefit in the next proposal that returns of all charges should be sent to the Board of Trade. Every one knows what becomes of returns when they get to the Board of Trade, and he would be a sanguine man who should hope to save a penny a year in railway tickets, because a beautiful shelf of railway returns had been added to the Board of Trade library. We have not space to go through all the recommendations of the Majority-Report, but, so far as we can find, there is not one positive suggestion which by possibility could work any practical good, while at the same time we are bound to admit that none of them contain the elements of active mischief. Certainly feeble, and probably harmless, is the description that fits them all. For example, soldiers and sailors are carried at exceptionally low rates, fixed by Act of Parliament; but it sometimes happens that a railway issues tickets to the public at a still lower price, and in these occasional cases the Commission recommend that the soldiers and sailors should pay no more than the ordinary traveller. Nothing can be more righteous, and perhaps in fifty years the Government might save in the transport of troops a percentage of the cost of the Railway Commission.

So, again, as to the Mails, the Commissioners recommend that all the difficulties which have arisen between the Post Office and the Railway Companies should be cleared up by Act of Parliament—an admirable suggestion which, however, loses some of its value from the fact that the Commission advisedly abstain from saying, or even hinting, what the Act should contain. Still, no one can dispute the soundness of the advice to clear up difficulties by Act of Parliament when there is no other way of getting out of them. The Commissioners also, in common with most other people, think that the time has arrived when Railway Companies should combine to devise some rapid and efficient system for the delivery of parcels. Unfortunately the Companies have not shown any disposition to concur in this view; but though nothing is likely to come of it, the expression of feeling on the part of the Commission is no doubt a graceful tribute to the public who are daily suffering from the delays and extortions connected with the railway parcels service. It seems that somebody complained to the Commissioners that a Railway Company had refused to book some goods, and this evokes the strongest recommendation in the Report, "that it shall be imperative on every Railway Company to book goods to every station on the lines owned or worked by the Company." Probably (subject to some very exceptional relaxations) this ought to

be the rule, and we have no doubt that it is the general practice, even in the absence of the imperative legislation which the Commissioners seem to desire. There is one operative recommendation—namely, that Irish railways should be allowed to amalgamate after a regular hearing before the LORD-LIEUTENANT in Council, instead of before a Committee of Parliament. Whether this would save any expense is doubtful, but it would give a turn to the Irish Bar, and in that sense would perhaps be welcomed as an instalment of justice to Ireland. But it is a very little one.

The Commissioners are happy in propounding opinions from which it is difficult to dissent, as when they say that the double gauge is a nuisance, or, to use their more dignified language, "that the continued existence of 'the double gauge is a national evil.'" Whether anything should be done to get rid of it they do not venture positively to say, but they "think it worthy of consideration whether it may not be desirable to require the broad gauge to be put 'an end to.'" If the question was worthy of consideration, why, in the name of common sense, did not the Commission consider and decide it? Are costly Commissions set to work merely to shake wise heads, and say gravely that the subject is one well deserving of consideration by somebody else?

But the climax of feebleness is fitly reached in the concluding recommendation. "In order more effectually to carry out the recommendations we have made, as well as to secure a proper regard to the interests of the public by Railway Companies, we think that it would be expedient, in all cases where the public interest is affected, that any person should be at liberty to memorialize the Board of Trade, and that the Board, after satisfying itself by a preliminary examination into the matter that the complaint is well founded, should take the necessary measures to enforce the public rights by submitting the complaint for the investigation and decision of the proper Court of Justice." An Act of Parliament to compel all Archdeacons to perform archidiaconal functions would be quite as intelligible and practical as the recommendation we have quoted. No one can guess what sort of cases it is intended to provide for, or why the resort should not be to "the proper Court of Justice" at once, without the preliminary memorial, or what "the necessary measures" may be that the Board of Trade is to be asked to take; and certainly no one will suppose that, if the recommendation had the force of law, any proceedings whatever would or could be taken under it. Instead of advice, the majority of the Royal Commission have tendered to HER MAJESTY an abundance of words. We have dwelt so long on the character of the recommendations actually given, that we must reserve for future consideration the question of purchasing the Irish railways, which divided the Commission, the majority voting in the negative. This was the main practical point to be decided, and apart from the fact of the conflict of opinion on the Commission, there are many weighty reasons why a policy which would be hopelessly absurd in England may be well worthy of consideration under the exceptional circumstances of Ireland and her railways.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

THE Select Committee on the Local Government and Taxation of the Metropolis has lately issued a Report which may probably become hereafter the basis of legislation. The obvious arguments in favour of the municipal organization of London have hitherto failed to produce either general conviction or legislative action. The local privileges of the City have supplied a nucleus of resistance, and both disinterested politicians and owners of property have regarded with suspicion the possible interference of a corporate democracy with private interests and vested rights. Some conflict of jurisdictions is preferable to a concentration of superior authority in untrustworthy or incompetent hands. The Corporation of London is in some respects an anachronism, but the Corporation of New York is a scandal to civilization. An administrative body which really controlled the municipal affairs of London would exercise enormous powers, and yet it might perhaps not include a single member who deserved or possessed the confidence of the community. The principal inhabitants of London habitually abstain from parochial and municipal affairs, nor is any honour derived from a seat at the Metropolitan Board of Works. Modern London is too large to be embraced by local patriotism. Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow still retain a unity of their own; but three millions of inhabitants, occupying a district of a hundred and twenty square miles, have no

common centre of thought or action. The capital would be too powerful for the country if it had acquired the habit of regarding itself as a whole; and it is fortunate that Paddington cares as little for the Tower Hamlets as for the remotest village in Yorkshire. Nevertheless, there are certain affairs and objects which are common to the entire metropolis; and it is also desirable that, in important matters, the district authorities should be liable to control. The Metropolitan Board of Works, which was established for purposes of drainage, has since been invested with additional powers and attributes, and it has now become important enough to justify an attempt to extend its powers and reform its constitution. The Select Committee prudently abstains from criticizing the composition of the Board, but the Report points to a considerable change in its character.

The most important and most novel proposal of the Committee is ostensibly suggested by the preliminary recommendation of a tax on owners of property. The Corporation of London had promoted, during the present Session, a Bill for authorizing a rate of sixpence in the pound on owners of property towards the cost of City improvements; but the Select Committee resolved that such a power ought not to be entrusted to any local authority until the interests of owners of property were represented at the Board of Works. If the recommendations of the Report are adopted, owners will be liable to be rated for one-half of the cost of permanent improvements; but they will, to a certain extent, be secured against the imposition of unjust burdens. The securities to be provided curiously illustrate the change which has taken place in the relations of different classes. Under a system of general and equal suffrage it may sometimes happen that taxation with promiscuous representation is tyranny; and the Committee accordingly proposes that owners of property shall elect members for themselves from a limited class, consisting of nominees of the Crown. A precedent is furnished by the Courts of Quarter Session in the counties, which are, of all local bodies, at the same time the least popular in their constitution and the most frugal in their administration. The county rate is kept down because it is levied and expended by landowners, and the Committee proposes to introduce the same element of economy into the government of London. In the first place, the metropolis, as it is defined by the Local Management Act, is to be formed into a single county, and some of the principal persons connected by property with each district are to be placed on the Commission of the Peace. District and General Sessions are to be held for any purposes for which they may be required, but the principal function of the justices will consist in their eligibility to the Municipal Council of London. It would be a simpler arrangement to nominate the members directly, for the owners of property are scarcely numerous enough to form a constituency, even if leasees for terms of years are included in the definition of proprietors. The protection of the rights of property will be more effectually secured by the character and position of its representative members than by any particular mode of election. The Committee considers that property occupied by the Crown ought to be liable to the rate for permanent improvements, and that, in consideration of the adoption of the burden, the Crown should nominate two members of the Council.

It is also recommended that the districts of the metropolis should be readjusted, and that the administration of the Local Government Acts, and of the relief of the poor, should be entrusted to the same bodies, under the name of Common Councils. The members of the Municipal Council would represent the ratepayers, and would continue to be elected, as at present, by the District Councils. The comparative numbers of the elected justices and of the ordinary members are not defined in the Report. It will not perhaps be easy to induce considerable owners of property to devote their attention to municipal affairs, and it would be highly desirable to place some of the higher class of ratepayers, who may not own houses or land, on the Commission of the Peace for London. The Municipal Council is to make a new and equal assessment of property for the purpose of rating, with an appeal to the justices in General Session. The power conferred on local authorities of improving thoroughfares is to be entrusted to the Council, and the Committee vaguely recommends that the Council should be entrusted with a supervision over the supply of water and gas. In any Act of Parliament which may be based on the Report it will be necessary to watch with the utmost care any provisions for placing joint-stock Companies under the control of the representatives of consumers. Supervision must be strictly confined to a right of enforcing legal liabilities, and such a jurisdiction would be exercised far more advan-

tageously by justices in session than by any elected Council. When the quality, quantity, and mode of supply of gas or water are regulated by law, there can be no objection to a vigilant exaction of public rights, but there is reason to suspect that a Municipal Council might make a right of supervision an excuse for vexatious interference. The Metropolitan Board of Works lately disgraced itself by proposing a compulsory sale to itself of the property of the Gas Companies, on the arbitrary assumption that the dividends were to be taken at sixty per cent. on their actual amount. Only an irresponsible body of obscure persons invested with extensive powers would have attempted so barefaced an act of plunder. A reformed Municipal Council will certainly be improved by the addition of members representing any form of property; but shareholders, as such, will have no votes for members of the Council, and they are more easily robbed than landowners.

The City Corporation will observe with uneasiness that it is scarcely mentioned in the Report. The Committee considers that there should be only one police force in London, and it reserves for further consideration by Parliament the question of the control under which the force should be placed. As there is no reason whatever for altering the present constitution of the Metropolitan police, the postponement of the question is probably intended only as a preparation for abolishing the separate organization of the City police. The practical evils of the existing anomaly are trifling, and the Corporation has hitherto been a formidable antagonist whenever it has been placed on its defence. It may be hoped that, even if the City jurisdiction is withdrawn or restricted, the ornamental and social functions of the Corporation will survive the innovations of Reformers. The President of the Municipal Council and the Lord Mayor may co-exist as the Tycoon and the Mikado of London without any further inconvenience than the maintenance of a theoretical anomaly. A municipal dignity who reigns without governing is not without parallel or prototype in English institutions, and his modern rival, though he has done good service in drainage and embankment, has not yet earned universal confidence. It is probable that in the next Session some Bill will be introduced by Government more or less in accordance with the recommendations of the Committee.

MR. GLADSTONE AND SATURDAY'S DEPUTATION.

IT lately happened to us to overhear a conversation between two married folks, which took the form in which what SWEDENBORG calls conjugal love sometimes develops itself. The pair were wrangling on the important point of the nearest way to London Bridge from St. Paul's Churchyard. The husband suggested the Cannon Street route; the wife, because she had been accustomed to it, was for going through Cheapside. After much nagging the man gave in. "Well, we will go through Cheapside; you shall have your own way." In a final burst of petulance and contradiction the amiable wife replied, "No, I won't have my own way." Mr. GLADSTONE matches this tergiversant. He is a much injured man when he is opposed and contradicted, and when other folks will perversely have an opinion of their own; but he is the most injured and wronged of mankind when he is told to have his own way. A very distinguished Parliamentary orator, when on one occasion it was observed in his hearing that there were few things more delightful than to make a successful speech to a favourable audience, cynically observed that there was one thing more agreeable—which was to speak, and to speak well, to an unsympathizing audience. We take it that Mr. GLADSTONE is in the full enjoyment of this double and, as some would think, irreconcilable satisfaction. For all practical purposes he has his own way, but his success only makes him more querulous; and yet he has the secret delight of hugging another darling grievance in piping to a House which will not dance to his tune. Whatever may be thought of the propriety or consistency of a Tory Government introducing such a measure as the present Reform Bill, it is at any rate more liberal than any proposition which has been brought forward by any Ministry of which Mr. GLADSTONE was a member, and it may be made a very good measure indeed. With few, and those not essential, exceptions, the Bill has been moulded more and more in a liberal and just spirit since it was first introduced. The conciliation, or squeezableness, has been almost entirely on one side. Mr. GLADSTONE has certainly been more than once in a minority, but he was beaten, not by Conservative, but by Liberal votes. If there has been degradation and humili-

ation and sacrifice of principle, it has been forced upon or tendered by the benches on the SPEAKER'S right hand. The Liberals have no reason to complain of the results of the campaign, unless, indeed, they are prepared to say at once and openly that Reform is not to be settled by Parliament at all. What they have gained is household suffrage as near as possible to that purity and simplicity which political idealists in their most Utopian hours have hitherto only dreamed of. For it cannot be doubted that the limitations and abatements and qualifications to direct and naked household suffrage, which survive by maintaining the principle of personal rate-paying, are practically unimportant. The large borough constituencies are enlarged to a degree which time will only expand to still vaster multitudes of electors. For all practical purposes, every large constituency in England is on the way to be Tower-Hamletized. If this is not equivalent to the flesh-and-blood right to the electoral suffrage, words cease to have any meaning. We are not here attempting to say whether the British Constitution gains by this change; we shall not stop to say whether to have proposed or accepted this revolution, for such it is, reflects any credit on the Government or the party with whose Conservative character the Reform Bill of 1867 will be identified. But there is the solid fact. If the compound householder has been snubbed, compound householding will soon vanish like the mist when the sun of the increased constituency rises in its strength. The lodger, again, has been admitted into the pale without a struggle. This is the present state of Reform.

But all this does not satisfy Mr. GLADSTONE. He is irritated—though his point, and more than his point, is gained—chiefly, as it seems, because he did not by his own tongue gain it. He will not go down to history as the author of the Reform Bill. We can hardly attribute his language on Saturday to other than these or the like personal feelings. Mr. GLADSTONE has received certain addresses from the North which are remarkable chiefly for the extraordinary liberties which they take with the English language. "In this critical moment, when a revision of the Constitution by unfriendly hands threaten, in defiance of the interest of the people, to take a shape indicated only by the view of a 'faction,'" Mr. GEORGE WILSON and his friends "know that 'the unerring instinct' which caused the people to demand 'Reform demand Mr. GLADSTONE to aid them in the struggle 'still at work.' Now, considering that the principles held by the National Reform Union include triennial Parliaments and the disfranchisement of the smaller boroughs, it is rather significant that this body places unbounded confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE. Either that confidence is misplaced, or we must accept the conclusion that the demands of the National Reform Union and the demands of Mr. GLADSTONE are identical. We accept the first branch of the alternative on the authority of those who ought to know—the deputation themselves. In their own views they do not expect Mr. GLADSTONE's concurrence. Mr. GEORGE WILSON says so with commendable candour. "He had no expectation that they would succeed in inducing 'the right honourable gentleman' to adopt their platform. The question, therefore, occurs why they have all this confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE, and why Mr. GLADSTONE accepts that kind of confidence from those whose views he is not prepared to further. In other words, what does the deputation two hundred strong mean? and in what sense, and for what purpose, does Mr. GLADSTONE condescend to this Noodle and Doodle intercourse? We fear that this question must be answered by referring to the single and only ground on which the deputation and Mr. GLADSTONE are thoroughly at one. For they have on a single point a most substantial agreement. The deputation think that the majority of the House of Commons has been guilty of "an infamous proceeding," and in their address they stigmatize Parliament as "a faction" "defying the interests 'of the people,' and, in fact, as 'opponents of all progress.' Ignorance, weakness, conceit, and even worse motives, are attributed to that 'fractional disloyalty' which a large majority of Parliament has been guilty of. To feel this is the only ground common to the deputation and to Mr. GLADSTONE. And the violence with which the Reform Union expressed this estimate of the House of Commons was painfully seconded by the intemperate language with which Mr. GLADSTONE followed up this tirade of invective. Whatever may be thought of the exact propriety of the epithet "obsolete," as applied by Mr. DISRAELI to this sort of language, there can be little doubt of its "incendiary" character. The old and staid Liberals who choose to have an opinion of their own are insultingly told, not only that they are a feeble folk, but that "the Liberal 'party' is but a 'little un'"—a squirrel which only the ignorant mistake for the nobler fox. And then follows a

perfect anthology of abusive and contumelious epithets. Absurd, preposterous and mischievous, odious, unjust—this is the character which Mr. GLADSTONE applies to the decision of Parliament on the Personal Rating question. Undoubtedly there are strong arguments against the decision of the majority; but when we are told that to enact that, if a man wants a vote he shall be at the trouble of giving five minutes of his time and advancing a less number of shillings to acquire it, is an insult to the voter, and is equivalent to calling upon him to cut off his leg, we can only say that this is mere scolding and vituperation. Indeed, if there is any insult in the matter inflicted on the new voters, it seems rather to come from Mr. GLADSTONE's estimate of them; for it is scarcely complimentary to the compound householder, or to the class whose outraged interests the deputation affected to represent, to consider him so apathetic towards the borough franchise as not to take the trouble to cross the street to get it. But, after all, this explosion of simulated commiseration for the victims of oligarchical oppression, who are to be compelled to move their little fingers for the franchise, does not disclose the real cause of Mr. GLADSTONE's indignation. He has somehow or other contrived to let his party slip away from his grasp; and this is what makes him angry with himself and all the world. He began the Session by amiable professions of mildness; he has only taken advantage of the vicissitudes of the party fight to show that mildness and forbearance are not incompatible with petulance and temper. He has all along made Reform a personal matter. The House of Commons, not consenting on every occasion to follow his decisions, is now to be denounced. One of the deputation threatened that a million of people would be called from their homes to upset the Reform Bill as soon as passed—a sentiment which, though not in form yet in substance, is scarcely to be distinguished from Mr. GLADSTONE's resolution, or threat, that he regards the Personal Rating clause as a catastrophe, and an enactment which he will do his best to destroy. Parliament having declined to submit to Mr. GLADSTONE's decision, he appeals to the masses; he takes the stump; he concurs with the proposal for agitation, though the agitators are those between whom and himself it is not pretended that there is any agreement of political opinion. Petitions for nothing, but against everything, though they have been recommended and have failed, are to be tried, and tried again. That is to say, a fierce and turbulent popular agitation is to be set on foot, or at any rate is to be attempted, at Mr. BRIGHT's advice, and for one only purpose—to establish Mr. GLADSTONE's dictatorship; but what it is to carry neither he nor his friends quite know, or at least are not ready to say.

WASTE OF POWER.

A LITTLE experience of the vast amount of human labour in the world which is apparently doomed never to bear any fruit at all makes one feel disposed at times to think that, in comparison with most machines, man is a machine that produces very little. As a whole, the race to which we belong makes considerable strides. It is strange to think how few years have elapsed since electricity and steam were still unknown, and how little acquainted the world was with natural phenomena till within comparatively recent times. On the other hand, it is equally remarkable how many lives of thinking human beings come absolutely to nothing. A great scholar gives thirty or forty years to the investigation of a dead language, and when he has done all that industry can do, perhaps he only succeeds in bequeathing to posterity one or two conjectures designed to fill up a hopeless gap in a corrupt text of an old author. Another student devotes himself to the history, not of language, but of thought. For whole years he lends himself to the investigation of some difficult problem like the freedom of the human will, and arrives at last at an account of the difficulty which has occurred to nobody before. When he is dead his contribution to the world's wealth seems singularly small. Another generation comes up which is no longer interested in the question, and is accordingly not perplexed by it; for nothing is more certain than that the philosophical difficulties of one age cease frequently to present themselves as difficulties to the next. The fashions of philosophy change almost as rapidly as the fashions of dress; and though it may be a law that we recur after a century or two to the old ontological ideas, just as we recur to the martingales of our ancestors, the visible value of a metaphysician's inventions is not to be compared with the value of a new bridge or a new sewing-machine. And if this is the case with literary labour, still more is it true of a vast proportion of the less intellectual avocations on which we employ our health, our fortunes, and our time. The commercial man devotes his life to a bank or to a company, and the end of it all is as often as not to leave him at the close of his career no better off than he was at

the beginning. If we count up the millions of people who are busy at one sort of work or another, and contrast their number with the final result of their efforts, the conclusion is inevitable that there is almost as much waste in human as in physical nature. In physical nature indeed scientific persons assure us that there is never any waste at all. One force generates another. Nothing ends, but is only continued in a different form; and the fire that appears to the eye to be burning itself out is but transmuting itself into some other material agency. If so, the combustion of the brain is the only species of combustion which produces habitually nothing. It may be true that, as far as it is a material process, it is subject to the same law as all others. But, so far as moral or intellectual result is looked for, disappointment, and not satisfaction, is the end of it. So disagreeable is this thought that pious writers endeavour occasionally to get rid of it, by inventing an axiom to the effect that the aim and object of man's little candle is achieved if it burns itself out properly. From a religious point of view this may be so, but, as far as the world's experience goes, the consolation is inadequate. A life of study is soon forgotten. It makes little difference to a man's children whether, after months of labour, he has succeeded or failed in mastering a crabbed text, and to his great grandchildren no difference at all. Even the assumption that he will himself reap in another existence the fruits of his painful assiduity in this may or may not be justified, but at all events it does not seem to be true that this world gains anything by what he has done. The martyrs of science, as they are called, produce at least this result, that by their example and their history they stimulate others to follow in their steps. Adventure and enterprise which is baffled now may be most fertile and fruitful hereafter. Nobody, for instance, would maintain that Sir John Franklin had perished to no purpose simply because the North-west Passage, when discovered, turned out to be entirely useless. Martyrs who perish in the sight of mankind and on a public stage do not perish in vain. But there are crowds of obscure labourers who neither attain to success themselves, nor bequeath an animating example to posterity. Nobody can see of what good their lives have been in proportion to the pains they have been at, and, speaking roughly, we have a right to point to them as instances of an undoubted waste of human power.

The political and social theories which modern civilization accepts tend often to increase rather than to diminish this universal waste. In old times, when the power of the State was greater and that of individuals was less, statesmen and lawgivers were always doing their best to check and moderate the waste which we are in the habit of leaving nowadays untouched. In the Utopian commonwealths which they framed, great thinkers were for ever attempting to provide against it. It was their object, though they did not express it in so many words, to treat the members of every community as a gardener treats his garden—to cultivate them for the good of the social body, and to get each class to produce its own special fruit. In Plato's *Republic*, which is impregnated with the political ideas of ancient civilization, people were not left to study philosophy or to till the fields according to their private bent and fancy. It was the State's function to assign to every human instrument his department in the field of labour, and to direct his energies to the object for which they seemed most adapted. Modern principles of individual dignity and freedom have put an end to such notions of State supervision. Society leaves its members to themselves, and to the chance influence of the circumstances in the middle of which they are brought up. Whether a man continues a day-labourer, or rises by his own ambition to be a capitalist or a professional man, is left to accident and to Providence. Generally speaking, the State accepts the broad theory that men in the long run find their own proper level, and that individuals, as a rule, fix themselves in the niche for which they are best suited. If there were no such thing as friction in the world, and if all men had an equal start and equally free play for their abilities, this principle would answer in practice as well as it does on paper. But when we come down from theory to facts, we cannot help seeing that it fails quite as often as it answers. Man, as an old Greek writer says, is more than half the slave of necessity. Often a man is so heavily weighted at the start that he is nowhere in the race. Sometimes it may be almost said that he has no start at all. Circumstances are too heavy for him. Early in life, from want of experience or education, he drifts into a position from which no virtuous effort will ever enable him to emerge. No doubt it is true that genius and perseverance will do wonders in extricating men from a mass of obstacles that hamper them at the outset of their career. The law knows no reason why the son of the humblest peasant should not end his days upon the woolsack, or on the first row of the Treasury benches. But genius and perseverance of so high a class are exceptional and uncommon. It does not follow that crowds of men, who are not geniuses do not pass wasted lives owing to accidents of fortune and of birth. If village Hookers, Jeremy Taylors, and Hampdens are rare, it is idle, on the other hand, to maintain that there are not crowds of men buried in the obscurity of provincial towns or country parsonages who might, if chance had not been against them, have performed an active and useful part in Parliament, or in the Church, or in the Law. However well the principle of free trade may work at times, it has left these men in a condition far below their actual, and still further below their possible, merits. Social inequality is the law under which we live; and social inequality, though wise people do not repine at it more than they can help, is, we will not say social injustice, but at any

rate social waste. We said above that religious writers profess to hold out the hope that in another world all will be set straight. There is a beautiful passage in one of Irving's sermons in which he elaborates the thought that in heaven there will be no disappointed ambition, no unsatisfied longings, no barren lives. But the great majority of men and women do not really act on this view, and it is in some measure inconsistent with itself. Either a man's self-culture in this life does tell on his immortal future or it does not. If it does, opportunities of self-culture here are so much the more worth having. If it does not, inequalities here are not really compensated, though in the eyes of the pious enthusiast they may sink into unimportance, compared with the prospect to which he looks forward. Nor is the comfort, in truth, of much practical effect. We know far more about the life we are living than we do about any other that may be to come. Present waste of power is a fact of which there can be no doubt. Future compensations are at best a hope, and, in the eyes of worldly people who are not religious, appear to be little better than a dream.

A sort of natural scepticism, against which it is proper to contend, but which it is probably impossible to eradicate, renders of little positive value another form which the religious argument takes sometimes, and of which philosophers are very fond. The grand and the final end of life, we are occasionally told, is one and the same. We ought not, on this theory, to estimate success by any worldly measure. It is not where we live, but how we live, that is the important point, and the life of the village curate is as complete and as successful as that of the dean or the archbishop who appears to be more fortunate. A career which affords scope for the development of every energy is the ideal one, no matter where it is spent, or with what material result. The first objection to this argument is that, as a fact, power and success, and a wide field of influence, are necessary conditions for the full development of energy. It is not because a man slaves all day, and sits up half the night, that his energies are necessarily developed. Possibly he has powers which lie dormant in spite of all his fatigue and industry. Mere exhaustion of vital power is not energy in the full sense of the term, so long as a man has within him capacities on which no call is ever made. And secondly, there is, in spite of all logic, a vast practical difference between labours and energies which are wasted, and those which bear fruit. Even as far as the effect upon the character goes, the difference is enormous. Nothing probably is more painful or bitter than the sense of being thrown away. Genius itself cannot always survive the sensation. It becomes narrowed and cramped, and, as genius is peculiarly susceptible to influences from without, often disappears altogether under untoward and adverse circumstances. Even if this were not so, and if the consciousness of power were always satisfied by labour in a man's own humble sphere, the world at large would not be the less a loser. This general loss to society is one which no religious considerations touch. Spiritual opiates may dull the sense of individual hardship or inequality, but for every instance of wasted human force mankind is so much the poorer. In ordinary matters we are always doing our best to increase the world's wealth. New devices are always acceptable which have for their object the improvement of the soil, or the perfection of manufacture. Every economy that can be brought to bear on productive labour by a machine or a process is welcomed with applause and admiration. We are even beginning to call in science to help us in applying system to the cultivation of the rivers and the seas. Compared with such efforts, the desire to apply system to the cultivation of the latent forces of the human race is as yet in its infancy. Yet these forces are as valuable a natural material as any which the outside world supplies.

The way in which we often talk and write of national education shows that we are more disposed than we should be to lose sight of the truth of which we have been speaking. Englishmen are in the habit of regarding education as a benefit to be placed within the reach of individuals rather than as a means of increasing the resources of a people. The amount of civil and religious liberty which as a nation we enjoy, with all its advantages, has one corresponding disadvantage. It renders us satisfied with ourselves. Everybody feels that there are no inequalities in the law. No class enjoys legal privileges which the class below it may not share, and no Act of Parliament prevents the poor or the friendless from travelling on the high-road which runs in the direction of eminence and wealth. All are free to undertake the journey, if only all were shod alike. To this legal and constitutional principle of impartial justice Englishmen are profoundly attached, and of their affection for it they are not a little proud. It is always desirable to know what criticisms foreign spectators vent on our national characteristics, and one criticism in particular is worth noticing and recording. It is thought by our critics across the water that in England the race is fair enough, only that all except the most favoured competitors have to run without shoes. And this is the precise inequality which the democratic politicians of other countries profess, in their own case, to be most anxious to abolish. What makes the view distasteful to many Englishmen is that those who put it forward are in the habit of using it as a means of agitation and of faction. But if we divest it of these colourable adjuncts, the view in itself is not without truth, and a truth which it is important to consider. There is no question that circumstances hang like a mill-stone round the necks of a multitude of our fellow-countrymen; and most fair-minded Englishmen would be glad to see their way to lessening the weight of the incubus which besets them in the

beginning of the race. It is this consideration which makes questions of national education the most important questions of the day. To convert our Universities and our middle-class schools into engines of popular education is one way of grappling with the difficulty. To discover some method of reconciling with the interests of religion the objects of those who advocate compulsory education is another.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON VESTMENTS.

OUR readers may have seen an article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* on the subject popularly called "Ritualism," but for which we have before this shown that "Cereemonialism" is the right name. It is only on one point raised in that article that we wish at present to remark—the "origin," so called, of Church vestments. The paragraph which contains it appears to have excited some degree of attention, and has been copied and recopied by various members of the daily press as though it were a statement both true and important:—

Look at the origin of these vestments. Both their supporters and their opponents regard them as sacerdotal garments symbolical of we know not what mysterious meanings. Even Milton spoke of them as borrowed from the Flamen's vestry and Aaron's wardrobe. What is the actual case? They have not the slightest tincture of Flamen or priest in their whole descent. They are the dresses of the Syrian peasant or Roman gentleman retained by the clergy when they had been left off by the rest of society.

Now, in the first place, it is only the name which can be identified in either case between the dress of the "Syrian peasant or Roman gentleman" and the dress of the clergy when celebrating or officiating. It can be shown that *alba* was the name of an ordinary costume, and that it was also the name of the vestment used in the early Church by the order of deacons in their ministrations. Bingham renders it by "surplice," as he also, in the same paragraph, does the word *tunica*, XIII. 8, § 2. But this is very different from showing that the deacon's dress in church was the common workday costume so called. The deacon's "surplice" might be an "*alba*," and the ploughman's smock might be an *alba*, simply because both were white; but this does not prove that the one "*was*" the other. But things not of the same colour, it might be replied, would not have the same name, unless identical. Just take the French, the Scotch, and the English senses of the word "bonnet" as an example of this purely verbal fallacy. Indeed, wherever we endeavour to trace identity of costume we are beset by a double difficulty—first, the extreme facility with which usage modifies the word which is adduced to establish identity; and, secondly, the similar facility with which fashion modifies the forms of the things themselves supposed to be identical. Thus the matter on which the *Edinburgh Reviewer* pronounces so confidently, and on which his dictum has been caught up so rapturously by the ignoble vulgar of smaller editors, is one of such complex ambiguity that it is probable that the chances are some hundreds to one against the identity which he seeks to establish. Every change of which words or things are capable may have been rung upon *alba*, *dalmatica*, *caraca*, and that which each meant at first. And the ground for identifying our surplice with the smockfrock of the ancient Roman, however true in a sense, is false in the sense in which it is urged, and is worth far less than that which identifies "truth" with what each man "troweth." We read that

The alb is but the white shirt or tunic still kept up in the white dress of the Pope, which used to be worn by every peasant next his skin, and in southern countries was often his only garment.

Of course, then, anything white which is worn may be an *alba*: if the Pope's robe, why not our own body-linen and our children's pinafores, as well as the smockfrocks of the labourers and the surplises of the clergy? The whole argument collapses at once the moment we look below the surface of words. In the same way the royal "sceptre" was merely a "stick," such as a shepherd or traveller might carry. The "pedum pastorale" of the priest was the same thing with the pastoral implement from which it directly took its name. The same ambiguity arising from the poverty of language as compared with the affluence of thought pervades every human tongue, ancient or modern. Thus it might be argued that *lituus*, the augur's staff, was the same thing as *lituus*, the clarion of the Roman cavalry; that *tibia*, the musician's pipe, was the same thing as *tibia*, the shinbone of the anatomist; that the "carbuncle" of the lapidary is the same as the "carbuncle" of the surgeon, and so on through every dictionary that is or ever will be.

There is a further ambiguity, although one of less moment, in the argument itself. Is the Reviewer speaking of the dress of the clergy when engaged in Church at their sacred ministrations, or of their common everyday attire when mingling as citizens with other citizens? The point he is engaged in proving would seem to require the former, but the whole section from Bingham, which he quotes, requires the latter to be understood. Bingham, indeed, expressly draws attention to the distinction at the close of that very section in the words:—

That the clergy had their particular habits for ministering in divine service, at least in the beginning of the fourth century, is not denied, but will be proved and evidenced in its proper place (the place already referred to above, xiii. 8, § 2); but that any such distinction was generally observed *extra sacra* in their other habits in that age, is what does not appear, but the contrary, from what has been discoursed. It was necessary for me to give the reader this caution, because some unwarily confound these things

together and allege the proofs or disproofs of the one for the other, which yet are of very different consideration.

The same learned writer, earlier in the same section, speaks as follows of the ordinary attire of the clergy:—

As to the kind or fashion of their (the clergy's) apparel, it does not appear for several ages that there was any other distinction observed therein between them and the laity, save that they were more confined to wear that which was modest and grave, and becoming their profession, without being tied to any certain garb or form of clothing. Several councils require the clergy to wear apparel suitable to their profession, but they do not express any kind, or describe it otherwise, than that it should not border upon luxury or any affected neatness, but rather keep a medium between finery and slovenliness. This was St. Jerome's direction to Nepotian, that he should wear neither black nor white clothing; for gaiety and slovenliness were equally to be avoided, the one savouring of niceness and delicacy, the other of vain-glory.

Speaking apparently on this same point the Reviewer says:—

Their (the vestments') very names bear witness to the fact that there was originally no outward distinction whatever between clergy and laity. They thus strike, if they have any historical significance at all, at the root of the vast hierarchical system of which they are now made the badges and ornaments.

Now let us apply this reasoning to the *alba*, as the simplest case. It is, let us grant, in its origin, "the white shirt or tunic which used to be worn by every peasant next his skin," and is retained in "the white dress of the Pope." The very "name bears witness to the fact," says the Reviewer, "that there was originally no outward distinction whatever between clergy and laity." Now, to try what this is worth, let us apply it to England in the last century—a period of which we know the language and the costume well enough not to be imposed upon by any shifts of fashion or verbal caprices. Hoods and gowns were worn by gentlewomen of the period; hoods and gowns were also worn by the clergy. Consequently "the very names bear witness to the fact that there was no outward distinction whatever between clergy and"—ladies! The inconclusiveness of the argument is shown by this example. But if any wisecracks think we are making fun, with them we would deal argumentatively, as follows. The same identity of name which is supposed to disprove any difference of costume between clergy and laity would equally disprove any difference of costume between clergy in ordinary life and clergy when engaged in their ministry. Yet there is adequate evidence to show that in the fourth century (the oldest period to which adequate evidence reaches) the former difference did not exist, and the latter did exist. The presumption, therefore, arising from identity of name is unreliable. It is merely due to the accident of language retaining a signification in one case while it changes it in the other. It is a presumption, as far as it goes, but it will not serve against decisive evidence. The Reviewer's mistake lies in building upon it as if it were conclusive. Serious and puritanical readers may perhaps accept this argument, who would be scandalized at that of the gowns and hoods. Let us continue, however, for the sake of less sensitive critics of propriety, the hood and gown argument, as applied to the next paragraph. They "strike at the very root of the hierarchical system"—do these hoods and gowns. Priestly pretence is snubbed at once. Nay, the evident intention of those who devised this clerical decoration was to humiliate sacerdotal pride by arraying it in the same habiliments as those who were ordered by apostolic authority to "keep silence in the churches," and permitted only to "ask their husbands at home." The mark of ignominy is the more signal in that the hood could not be put by the clergy when ministering, as Hamlet says of the bonnet, "to its right use—'tis for the head"; since they were, in common with all the male sex, bidden to pray with their heads uncovered. The evident object in view, then, in appending hoods round their necks was to take them down a peg or two, and make them feel less disposed to give themselves apostolic airs. But what shall we say of the mitre? What is its parentage? Classical, of course. Then let us look out some esteemed authority of the golden, or at least of the silver, age, if possible, and pin the word down to its proper meaning, which, if we followed our *Edinburgh* guide, we should assume that it bore throughout. Unfortunately, Juvenal's *picta lupa*, *barbara mitra*, is the only one we can call to mind. Those who remember and understand the line will not need the argument to be pursued further. We have now brought the "origin of vestments" lower than Darwin has brought that of species, if things physical can be compared with things moral. Even an *Edinburgh* Reviewer—even the Dean of Westminster, from whose remarks in Convocation last year the antiquarian argument is taken—would hardly wish to bring that origin down much lower than this. But while we are upon questionable associations, we will just remind any Exeter-Hall religionist whom this *Edinburgh* argument has delighted, that the *pulpitum* originally meant a stage for acting. He will see in this a new reason for preaching in theatres, and will be invigorated in that resolution when he finds that a "person" meant at first a character on the stage, or a mask worn in acting, and thus comes in meaning very near the Greek word from which we get "hypocrite," which at first meant the actor who sustained the character. At the same time it must be owned that these hints give considerable countenance to the "histrionic" element in "ritual."

But the fact is, all these names are as harmless in their origin as the word "vestment" itself is. It came originally directly from *vestimentum*, meaning "anything which could be put on as a garment." It was equally expressive of what the clown wore at his work, the tunic presumed to be left him in the Virgilian pre-

cept *nudus ara, sere nudus*, and of what the clergy wore when at their work—the special work of the ministrations of the sanctuary. It was, by the way, an excellent stroke of Paterfamilias when—in some letter, whether to the *Times* or the *Morning Advertiser*, we forgot which—he remembered that the word “vestments” only occurred in Scripture in connexion with the worship of Baal. There has been nothing so good in the way of theological argument since that mentioned by Hooper, that Pontius Pilate must be a holy man, or they would not have put his name in the Creed.

The same confusion of the two questions distinguished above is further manifest in the remark with which the Reviewer concludes the paragraph from which we have been quoting, that in “the oldest Roman Mosaic,” that of the Church of Santa Prudentiana of the fourth century, the Apostles are represented in “the common classical costume of the age,” showing that there was then no thought of “investing even the most sacred personages with other than ordinary dresses.” If this is meant to prove that there was in the fourth century no distinctive attire for priests when ministering, it is inconclusive, as contrary to the plainest evidence and the best authority on the subject; if it be meant to show that, under ordinary circumstances, the dress of the clergy differed not significantly from that of the laity, it is irrelevant.

But we are now going to make the *Edinburgh Reviewer* a present of all the previous argument. Let it be assumed that the word and thing, in every case in which a vestment has descended to us from early times, are precisely equivalent to what they were when their usage first becomes apparent. An *Edinburgh Reviewer*, and still more Dean Stanley, one of whose phases of preferment was a Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, ought to know that to found a disparaging argument on the primary meaning of any term which has since acquired a sacred sense is to ignore the leading principle on which the Church has, from first to last, acted in such matters. “This observation,” says a well-known Church writer, in an article on the “York Congress” republished from the *Christian Remembrancer*, “seems to us, so far as it was intended to discredit them (the vestments), eminently unphilosophical, for the whole history of the Christian economy abounds with instances of the Church adopting common things, making them her own, modifying them to her needs, and then, when the fashion of the world changes, retaining them with a now hallowed monopoly.” But indeed the objection is over-ruled by almost universal religious practice, certainly by all that with which we are most familiar. This principle of “adoption” was not only the leading principle of the Christian Church, but of the Jewish Church before her, to say nothing of its probably having been shared by every religious system which has ever been popular among mankind. The instinct of religion seems to be never to assume for a sacred purpose anything utterly *de novo*; never to create, so to speak, essential and inherent sanctities; but ever to consecrate something, whether a name, a symbol, or an usage, which has been in common use before. Thus ecclesiastical language is full of words which, if taken in their widest scope, have a double or a manifold meaning. The sense in which the Church found them current is one thing, the sense which she has impressed upon them by her sanctifying touch is wholly another. Assume the surplice and cope to have been identical *qua* origin, if you please, with a fisherman’s gaberline and a blacksmith’s apron, and what possible bearing has that on any question relating to their usage, significance, or suitability now? The Tabernacle, the Ark, the Table (of shew bread), the house of God Himself, show this principle as regards the Jew. The sacred precinct (*ἱερόν*), the sacred robe (*ἱμάτιον*) offered at the shrine of Athénê, but also the mantle or upper dress of every Homeric lady, and the tripod, exemplify the same law in the case of the Gentile. But when we come to Christian times, it may be questioned whether the whole range alike of primitive usage and of ecclesiastical refinement in the most artificial age has a single exception to show to it. As the writer on the “York Congress” has well put it:—“As well might the sacredness of the buildings in which we worship be impugned because they were only the imitations of disused prætors’ courts. As well might the Sacraments themselves be disparaged, because ‘sacrament’ was a word which at first only meant a soldier’s oath of fidelity.” Thus we believe every detail of the sacred furniture of our churches might be referred to the same principle. The holy table itself—*qua* table, and omitting any question of altar—is only a table made holy. The pulpit, we have already mentioned, meant something devoted to far other than sacred utterances. The chalice is *calix*, a cup; the paten is *patina*, a flat dish—both words familiar to us from the lyric and comic poets. The Credence is *credenza*, “a safe.” To go still higher—for how can we otherwise treat the question?—what else can we say of the material parts of either Sacrament? Each is a common thing of everyday life, invested with the sacredness of a special purpose. Nay, in one of our rubrics it is expressly provided that “it shall suffice that the bread be such as is usual to be eaten,” *i.e.* the common origin of the outward and material thing is expressly kept in view. What else is the name Bible but “the books”? So sermon, homily, vicar, rector, and, as we have seen, parson, all had secular senses, out of which the church recast them in her own mould. So had bishop, priest, and deacon in their original tongue, and those who bear these titles may be content to derive the designation of their garments from a source no higher in sanctity than that of their offices. It has probably escaped the objector how fine an adaptation to the highest associations of the Christian ministry is involved in what he means for a taunt. If

a “Syrian peasant” overthrew the philosophies and hierarchies of the world, the highest dignity of his followers may well be consistent with a robe of office which the Syrian peasant first wore. The whole story of the Church is ever the same; the base things of the world, and things which are despised, are chosen and preferred to high account. That symbol of the slave’s degradation and of the master’s cruelty—the cross—that which as a taunt and as a threat is perpetually flung at the abject in the scenes of Plautus and of Terence, has become the symbol of salvation itself. It was an utter mistake to suppose that the reproach of humility of origin could ever be relevant to this question. A Reviewer wise in his generation would have seen the advantage he was giving, and would have withheld the taunt.

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS.

THE great Paris show, it seems, is to be the means of exhibiting more things than some persons dreamt of. It is not merely our textile fabrics, our ironwares, and our porcelains that are to go through this gigantic species of competitive examination, but the exhibitors are themselves to be exhibited. We cannot but feel rather uncomfortable at the prospect. We are accustomed to be told, with a curious kind of complacency, that we have palpably fallen off as a nation in a great many respects. Mr. Matthew Arnold dilates upon our various shortcomings with a fluency and a graceful humour which seem to imply that the contemplation of our failings affords him infinite satisfaction. The Englishman of the old style used to enjoy his grumbling because he was confident that he had an inexhaustible fund of unexpressed merit to draw upon; he could give away any amount of weight to Frenchmen and foreigners generally, in the perfect confidence that he could never really sink to their standard; all his self-depreciation only served to bring out more distinctly a background of unlimited self-content. We have changed all this. We like to be humble; we rejoice in lowering ourselves before our rivals; we sympathize with Mr. Arnold, when, instead of admitting the weaknesses of his countrymen in sackcloth and ashes, he details them with a sense of airy superiority, and a placid conviction that his own intelligence only comes out the brighter from the contrast. Gentlemen pleasantly write to the papers to say that all our poorer classes are stupid and boorish to an unparalleled degree, and that the only chance of teaching them better manners is to send them over by batches to Paris, to catch a glimpse of the refinement of a higher civilization. Perhaps in all this there is something valuable, though we could wish that a certain sense of shame sometimes impeded the glib flow of self-depreciation. If we are to eat humble-pie as one of our regular dishes, we would rather eat it as though we disliked it, and substitute a little honest indignation for placid sneering; if we are all stupid and brutish and behind the age, let us at least have the grace to be ashamed of it. However, the fit of humiliation may possibly be a step towards some much-needed improvements.

Meanwhile we cannot be surprised if foreigners occasionally help us in the task of blackening our own characters which we have so industriously undertaken, and if their remarks sound rather more unpleasantly than when they came from ourselves. One energetic co-operator in the work, as we learn from the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, is to be found in M. John Lemoine, who has been kind enough to depict our appearance in a new Paris Guide. Englishmen have a proverbial reputation, which is perhaps as inaccurate as most other proverbial sayings about national character, for disliking foreigners. Any one, however, who looks at *Charivari*, and other comic French journals, may know that our prejudices are, to the least, amply returned. The typical Frenchman in *Punch* is not a very engaging being, and retains some traces of the period at which we held that there was a close relationship between a Frenchman and a monkey; but he is at any rate human, whereas the Englishman, and still more the Englishwoman, as depicted in the pages of *Punch*’s great original, is absolutely portentous. The type appears to have remained unchanged for at least half a century. The English lady is described as a scraggy monster of at least six feet in height, with protruding teeth, a vast and bony Roman nose, long limp curls, and looking like a maypole dressed in a bathing gown. The Englishman—with the same display of tusks, which appears to be characteristic of the species—is either in the costume of a general officer, consisting principally of a huge cocked hat, or in the more accepted likeness of a top-booted farmer. In either case the French artist appears to be far more behindhand in his views of his neighbour than the average Englishman; he holds about us notions corresponding to those which we entertained some fifty years ago about him. And M. John Lemoine, who ought to know better, seems to be doing his best to confirm the impression. We indeed always attributed the difference to the fact that the Englishman was, on the whole, a more travelling animal than the Frenchman; the few unfortunate beings who crawl about the purlieus of Leicester Square, cursing English fogs and Sundays, are a very insufficient set-off against the multitudes of our dear fellow-countrymen who, under the guidance of Mr. Cook and others, throng every accessible part of the Continent. This, it seems, is partially a mistake. The Englishman, we are told, on the authority of M. Lemoine’s editor, is not a travelling animal; far from going to the Rhine, or Switzerland, or Italy, he generally stops at certain streets in Paris which remind him of Brompton.

If this singular assertion is well-founded—though we certainly thought that we had met Englishmen in more remote districts—the French must see Englishmen enough in Paris to become tolerably familiar with our peculiarities. It seems, however, that the Englishman is so eccentric a being that it is impossible really to understand him without following him into his native haunts. His anomalous habits can only be appreciated like those of a wild beast, which must be observed, not merely in a menagerie, but in the deserts where he was originally raised. Englishmen indeed are so exclusive, and have such a total want of social liberty, that it is no easy matter to penetrate into these dark recesses. They will receive you hospitably for a day or so, but if you show a wish to take root in their soil, society shuts herself up and casts you out like a foreign body. It is perhaps rather a difficult thing to define precisely what is the meaning of social liberty; and we will not argue that there is not a greater share of it in France in proportion to the deficiency of its political counterpart. Neither will we insist upon the fact that we could mention a good many Frenchmen who have succeeded in adapting themselves tolerably to our inhospitable soil; for, after all, that is merely a question of individual experience, and there are reasons enough why a Frenchman, who is the most shy at home of civilized men, should find himself specially hampered by some of the characteristic restraints of England.

It is more interesting to see what this profound observer of our manners has to say about us as we appear in foreign parts. We are accustomed, then, to hear that Englishwomen don't know how to dress; that of course is a department of cultivation in which their foreign neighbours are admitted to hold a certain supremacy. It is rather hard to hear that their bonnets look like cabbage gardens, that their crinolines are impossible, that they wear straw bonnets in January and furs in July, and stride along the Boulevards like the Cent Gardes; but we cannot help protesting against the statement that they "contain" astonishing quantities of little pies, and that they take, in the middle of the day, coffee, chocolate, ices, and all sorts of cake and sandwiches. We should be inclined to say, from a cursory observation, that Frenchwomen are at least as capable of containing an inordinate amount of small pies. The fact is, however, that this is part of the ideal English character which M. Lemoine has put down without a very close attempt at accuracy. The great fact which impresses him is that we are like barbarians taking possession of a civilized country. We are huge, rough, healthy monsters, coming down upon the delicate French like the old Teutonic giants upon the Roman world, treading heavily upon our neighbours' toes, forcing our way by sheer weight of flesh and bone, and disregarding, from mere coarseness of organizations, all the refinements to which we ought to be sensible. The Englishman is a loose-limbed, dislocated lout, with huge arms and legs and stomach, and an untrimmed beard; he is no longer the neat, correct, cleanly-shaved personage of old; it is his main object to make himself look like an ape of a large species (which is, perhaps, a natural retort to our old-fashioned parallel between Frenchmen and other animals of the same genus); he goes to the Opera in a shooting-coat, and only turns out in a kind of obtrusive respectability on Sundays, when long black-coated processions file off to the various churches, and occasionally detach skirmishers to leave sporadic bundles of tracts upon the benches in the public gardens. There would indeed be a certain consistency if the national superstition were fully carried out even here; but the liberties which the Englishman allows himself to take in foreign parts on a Sunday show that, even in his religious capacity, he has a contempt for the natives, and does not think that the Fourth Commandment has much force beyond the Channel. In a political sense, the Englishman contrives to be equally offensive. He has a horrid custom of drinking healths after dinner, even in private; the first health is always that of the Queen of England, and the next that of the sovereign of the country where he is staying. We confess that we have not personally observed that this custom prevails to any extent, nor should we have thought that it was open to any objection beyond that of its being a bore; but it seems that it proves us to be political atheists, because otherwise we should remember that some of the company may object to their Sovereign. Now to drink his health proves partly that we are willing to respect the liberty of every people to choose its own form of government, and partly that we think any form of government good enough for foreigners. It is quite possible that some foolish Englishmen may have proposed the health of the Emperor to a society of Legitimists or Republicans; but that this particular sin can have been committed very often seems improbable, and even M. Lemoine might surely have been charitable enough to admit that it was done from good motives, though in a characteristic spirit of blundering. But we admit that a person who could set about proposing an official list of toasts after a private dinner might be guilty of any conceivable atrocity.

This last count of the indictment may perhaps help us to understand part of M. Lemoine's unkind criticism. There are undeniably such things as British snobs, who commit many of the follies which he is kind enough to put down to us as a nation. Some of the accusations are exaggerations which are pardonable enough. Englishwomen are not celebrated for skill in dress. Englishmen are occasionally wild in their travelling costumes; though, in spite of M. Lemoine's complaints of our decline in neatness, we are still a nation which above all others is given to the great modern invention of tubs. Yet some allowance might be made for our travellers, if only our French critics would

believe that we sometimes go beyond Paris. It is rather hard that a man on his way to the Alps, with a mountain of luggage, may not stay a day in Paris on the road, so long as he is personally inoffensive, even though he has to appear in a shooting coat. Still we admit that Englishmen are not always inoffensive; that they are occasionally apt to tread upon native toes, and that altogether a shrinking modesty is not their most prominent characteristic. But then M. Lemoine must know, if his sponsor does not, that the English are more given to travelling than their neighbours, and that, with modern facilities, we empty into foreign parts a class of tourists considerably below that which was formerly able to go abroad, and below that which habitually makes tours in foreign countries. If there is any falling-off in the quality of our representatives, it is due to the fact that every petty shopkeeper can now manage a trip to Paris, and frequently does so, to the vexation of his superiors, though, it is to be hoped, to his own advantage. The old days of travelling carriages and couriers are over, and their successors are swamped by a crowd of inferior manners. On the whole, they seem to us to be very decent people, though sometimes rather ridiculous, and generally very ignorant of foreign ways. Whether this be so or not, M. Lemoine might have been better employed than in giving fresh currency to old caricatures which ought to have become too stale even for French taste. They belong really to the period when we called Frenchmen frog-eaters, and they denounced perfidious Albion and the gold of Pitt. Men of intelligence who really know the two countries ought to do their best to disperse this nonsense, instead of trying to dish it up over again with a slight change in the seasoning. But we cannot be much surprised at what is a natural echo of our own shrieks of self-abasement.

SOUTH KENSINGTON AGAIN.

AS the world gets older it gets duller. Ours is the age of dead level; and we are all getting just moderately and stupidly sensible. We are neither so wise nor so foolish as in the good old times. Brilliant wit and brilliant folly belong to youth, and society is senescent. One seldom meets in these puling days with those full-grown and full-blooded audacious follies and impertinences which we remember even in the youthful days of this journal. No Bishop nowadays prigs a brother Bishop's old charge, and publishes it in his own name, as his own composition; and even the *Morning Advertiser* is shy of correspondents who quote the *Auctores Priapici*. It would be a melancholy result if we could think that we had extirpated folly. Impudence and absurdity are, after all, a kind of salt which keeps society from stagnating into listlessness. It is therefore quite a relief from the palling, cloying commonplace of life when in these placid hours we fall across a good rousing audacious impertinence. We owe something to South Kensington and the Department for its periodical efforts to keep us awake. To do Mr. Cole and his colleagues, if he has any, justice, we can generally reckon upon them for a succession of good jokes. They are artists in their way. They allow just a sufficient period to elapse for the full effects of their last folly to sink into the public mind before they favour us with a new and startling comic effect. Like careful managers, they do not produce their Easter burlesque or extravaganza till the Christmas pantomime has had its run. One farce at a time is enough. Mumbo Jumbo in the interests of high art was a clever hit. Recently, it was capped by that stupendous joke of asking all authors, reviewers, newspaper editors, and serial-mongers to send their annual products to the French Exhibition as typical developments of the British intellect, to be classed, criticized, and formulated by one Mr. Collins. But we must say that the last stroke of South Kensington jocosity—mingling, as all good fun does, not a little impudence with it—beats all Mr. Cole's previous successes. Practice makes perfect, and the author of this last insult to common sense may now repose on his laurels, or his cap and bells. Folly can no further go than the publication of the Universal Catalogue of Art Books in the *Times* newspaper. Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Gregory have been kind enough to extract from Lord Robert Montagu the particulars of this jest, which, being so perfect, we must put on record—premising how much Parliament, and all of us, owe to any relief from the eternal wrangling about that egregious political anomaly, the compound householder.

It seems that the late Government authorized the publication, at the instance of the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, of what is sonorously styled a "Universal Catalogue of Art Books on a basis altogether new." Of the novelty of this basis there can be small doubt, seeing that it was to include, not only the books which were in the South Kensington library, but those which were not—an ingenious method which would be paralleled if every landowner compiled a rent-roll which should be another Domesday Book, specifying, not only the farms which he had, but all the other estates in the kingdom which he had not. Thus "my Lords"—we should like to know who my Lords were—decided in a Treasury Minute. Having cut out this modest piece of work, my Lords appointed a Committee of Advice, including all sorts of art notables, "a great many noblemen and gentlemen." Among the names appear to have been enrolled those of Mr. Gregory and Mr. Beresford Hope, who instantly and on the spot, in their places in Parliament, and in a fervour of indignation, disclaimed all knowledge of the Committee and the Catalogue. Well, it appears that this Catalogue has at last

been commenced, and the first instalment of it published in the very remarkable shape of a monster advertisement occupying a whole page of the *Times*. To the curious in literary absurdities we may say that it appeared on the 8th of May. The particulars of the negotiation between the manager of the *Times* and the Department, or rather the Treasury, are announced by Lord Robert Montagu. It appears that the usual charge for a whole page advertisement in the *Times* is 120*l.*—i.e. 20*l.* per column. But from his profound interest in art Mr. Morris offered, and his offer was accepted, to publish the Catalogue at the modest figure of 11*l.* per column, on the understanding that the publication by instalments would be spread over three or four years, and would be done at last at the trifling charge of about 5,000*l.*—Parliament, by the way, having voted only 1,000*l.* for it. The alleged object of this very novel mode of publishing a catalogue “compiled on a basis altogether new” is thus stated. If it were published in the form of a book—and, after all, in the long run, it is intended that it shall be published in the form of a book—the Catalogue would be full of inaccuracies, many editions would be required, and few people would read it; whereas, so the alternative must run, the *Times* is a security against inaccuracies. And another advantage is mentioned; 65,000—such being the average circulation of the *Times*—readers would at once peruse it with avidity, and art savans in every quarter of the globe would aid in securing the completeness and accuracy of the Catalogue. Here we may note the modesty of this figure. Merely to suppose that there is only one reader for every copy of the *Times* sold is a very inadequate estimate. When they were at it, my Lords and Mr. Cole might as well have assumed at least ten readers for every *Times*, and we should not have quarrelled with them had they set down those through whose hands and before whose eyes this lively document would pass as fairly reaching the cipher of 650,000.

We owe some apology to our readers for seriously canvassing this supremely ridiculous matter. But first we may say this about a Catalogue of Art Books. Catalogues of books are very difficult things to deal with. The battle between alphabetical catalogues and class catalogues and mixed catalogues has never been decided. But be this as it may, to compile a catalogue demands very exceptional gifts and an immense range of information. It is one thing to get out a twopenny-halfpenny Guide to Hampton Court by Felix Sumner, another to edit an Art Catalogue. Who is the editor of the Catalogue? Be he who he may, he himself admits that many of the books which he describes he has not even seen; that is to say, he only trusts to other catalogues, and extracts the entries—errors excepted. This, at any rate, is neither scientific nor accurate bibliography. A catalogue which does not pretend to have gone through the process of verification in every item only perpetuates blunders and errors and ignorance. Again, what are Art books? We might, were we disposed to be critical, object to the ignorant nomenclature which confines the term Art to the vague sense of illustrated books—excluding, for example, music from the art cycle. But, passing this objection, what constitutes art in the South Kensington catalogue spinner's estimate? Apparently art is used in the vaguest sense, now embracing and now excluding topography, zoology, George Cruikshank's caricatures, and such trash as Church Floral Decoration by a Lady. We see no reason why, under this expansive and careless view of art, Catnach's ballads, which are always illustrated, should not be styled Art books. Judging, therefore, from the specimen published in the *Times*, from A to Al, we do not argue much for the capacity of the anonymous editor, or the value, when completed, of his 5,000*l.* worth of job.

For we regret to say that the aspect of unmitigated and insolent jobbery is the only one under which the publication can present itself to the estimate of common sense. Publish a scientific catalogue as an advertisement in a newspaper, and by instalments! If the South Kensington Catalogue, why not the British Museum Catalogue? What is true of one—namely, the numbers who may read the Catalogue, and the opportunities for correction—would be equally true of the other. But the justification is preposterous. What human being ever, except for special purposes, reads the *Times*' supplements? Our own case, we will venture to say, was that of ninety-nine purchasers of the *Times* out of a hundred. Until Mr. Dillwyn spoke in the House of Commons on May 15, we were in total ignorance that the monster advertisement had appeared at all. And if we had seen it, what then? Admitting, for the sake of straining folly and absurdity to its lowest degree, that the Catalogue were well executed, and that the form of publication attracted 65,000 readers, do the Editor, or the Department, or my Lords, or Mr. Cole, or Mr. Morris, one or all of them, pretend that they seriously think that art critics and students, bibliographers, or men of letters in general, can or will preserve these desultory flying-sheets of the supplements of the *Times*, will constantly and periodically watch for the appearance of each fresh instalment of the Catalogue, and at the end of the weary four or five years, having dedicated a whole book-shelf to the preservation of these random scraps of art memoranda, will carefully bind them up for use and reference? A Catalogue for daily use and constant reference in the shape of dirty leaves of old newspapers, forming a neat, handy, and portable volume, only 24 inches long by 16 inches wide!

There is another aspect of the matter which we approach with reluctance. The *Times* is very honourably conducted; the notion of hiring any English newspaper of any character is preposterous. But here is the state of the case. We cheerfully acquit the pro-

prietors of the *Times* of any merely selfish motive as attaching to their share in this transaction. No bargain of this sort is possible, at least on one side. But we are not so sure about the Department and its officials. South Kensington has few friends among English journals; and it is just the sort of notion which would suggest itself to the puny peddling intelligence of the Department that it might turn out to be convenient to have such a partisan as the *Times*—where partisans are much wanted—with a business contract of which the factors are 5,000*l.* and four years' advertisements, and then to trust to accidents for a kind word now and then for so valuable and constant a customer as Mr. Cole. That this will be said, there can be no doubt; but that this consideration did not present itself to Mr. Cole, or those who negotiated with Mr. Morris, we are not quite prepared to say. And, as though to complete and round off into perfect symmetry the ridicule and discredit attending this strange incident, the Vice-President of the Committee of Council, by way of estimating the expense of publishing the catalogue in the *Times*, had the temerity or ignorance—stupendous in a responsible official of Government, but by no means remarkable in Lord Robert Montagu—to assert that the public purse would be recouped to the extent of 2,500*l.*, i.e. half the charge of the *Times*, in the shape of advertisement duty; which duty only happens to have been abolished years ago. What he meant was the stamp duty on the extra supplement. It is possible that this attempt to hoodwink the House was intentionally imported into the apologetic brief furnished by “the Department.”

That the matter will stop here, we cannot persuade ourselves. There is the Committee of Advice, who have before them the task of setting themselves right; for whether they knew of the Catalogue and Mr. Cole's proceedings, as things stand, they are undoubtedly responsible for this monstrous job and scandalous waste of public money. Bad management and carelessness has let us in for the waste of more than 100,000*l.* on the Paris Exhibition. Yet there is something noble in being done by a great nation; but to be let in for a trumpery 5,000*l.* in this mean, miserable way has no consolations. And unfortunately the absurdity and impudence of the incident are by no means its worst faults. What we want to see is the whole correspondence relating to this matter, and the minutes of all the meetings, whether of “my Lords,” “the Department,” or the “Committee of Advice,” and who attended them.

THE ST. JAMES'S HALL REFORM MEETING.

THE right of public meeting, like the right of private judgment, is one of those things which, in this country at least, nobody disputes and nobody need care to boast of. Public meetings in themselves are neither good nor bad; they are simply a means to an end. Agitation is sometimes a necessity, but it is always a necessary evil. Even Archdeacon Denison would hardly consider the periodical presentation of *gravamina* as part of the ideal of the Christian Church. These thoughts were forcibly suggested to us by the meeting at St. James's Hall on Wednesday night, and the speeches delivered to denounce the Government Reform Bill. *Cui bono?* is the first reflection which the oratory of Messrs. Bright and Beales must have suggested to any unprejudiced listener at what Mr. Harcourt euphoniously designated “this magnificent meeting.” There could scarcely have been louder screams of indignation if the Government had brought in a Bill for the indefinite suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, instead of rejecting Mr. Hibbert's amendment for the payment by the compound householder of a diminished rate. Yet this, according to Mr. Bright's statement in Parliament, makes the whole practical difference between the enfranchisement and non-enfranchisement of 170 boroughs. He was not of course so explicit on Wednesday night, when the exigencies of popular haranguing required a broader and coarser treatment. Mr. Bright himself, however, was hardly in his usual vigour, and those who were drawn to the meeting simply by a desire to hear him speak must have been sorely disappointed. He had evidently whipped himself up, so to speak, into a state of artificial enthusiasm, and his speech, which for that very reason was the only one distinctly audible throughout, fell comparatively flat on the tumultuous assemblage. A more uproarious and unruly meeting indeed we have never witnessed. Not that there was much to enliven it in the character of the speaking, for nothing could be more tawdry or commonplace; or anything amusing in the jokes, which were cheered to the echo, for nothing could be duller, except when they were relieved by an occasional dash of coarseness. But when we say that the speaking was dull, we do not mean that it was temperate. The general tone may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Bright's speech, as compared with those which preceded and followed, had almost an appearance of moderation about it, partly perhaps from its being the only one where every other sentence was not rendered inaudible by cheering, shrieks, hisses, laughter, and cries of “Divide.” And Mr. Bright inveighed against the Bill as having “scarcely a clause without a dodge in it,” and as one by which “in eight boroughs 82,000 men were invited in, while in eight others 160,000 were invited out.” Of argument there was throughout a conspicuous absence, its place being supplied by such brilliant witticisms as Mr. Harcourt's, which drew down thunders of applause, that Government had “cooked” its Bill, like the lady who boiled her tulip-root before sending it to her friend. A pointed reference to the agitation which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832 was the one string on

which speaker after speaker harped with ominous persistency, coupling it oddly enough with a rather too conscious disclaimer of any idea of "sedition." Agitate, agitate, agitate, was the keynote of every speech; or, as Mr. Harcourt, who "accepted the term incendiaries," elegantly expressed it (after President Lincoln), "Keep pegging away." That a Reform Bill going considerably beyond that of the Liberal Ministry last year—which all the speakers professed themselves satisfied with—has been, extorted no doubt, but effectually extorted, from the present Government, is what no one would have dreamed who listened to the fiery indignation of Sir H. Hoare in demanding "a real Bill, an honest Bill, or no Bill at all," and to the solemn "despair" of Mr. Forster as to getting any Bill worth having. Yet the speakers themselves most conclusively answered each other, and no better reason could be given to show how little call there was for agitation than might be gathered from the statements of the agitators. Out of their own mouths they may be judged. Mr. Torr, who appeared as a deputation from Manchester, and abundantly made up in force of lung for any deficiencies in the force of his argument, described the Ministerial banner as "emblazoned in large letters with the words 'Household Suffrage,' while below them was written in invisible ink, 'But nobody shall get it'—a statement received by the meeting with deafening applause. Yet they had only a few minutes before cheered the concluding words of the speaker who preceded him, when expressing "his conviction that the restrictions imposed on household suffrage would be swept away by the next Parliament." That is to say, it is necessary to invade the parks and block up the thoroughfares of the metropolis with monster processions, and set in motion all over the country the machinery of agitation which preceded the old Reform Bill—and which was never "seditions"—because the Government Bill will not give household suffrage, while at the same time the agitators express their firm conviction that it will before twelve months are over. This is blowing hot and cold with a vengeance. This same Mr. Torr displayed his logical acumen by the utterance of his hearty satisfaction at "the experienced lawyer who presides over the Reform League" (Beales M.A.) "having shown himself a better lawyer than Her Majesty's Government," by showing his incapacity for comprehending the distinction between an illegal act and an act which the law at any given moment may have the power of preventing. It is perhaps a feather in Mr. Beales's cap to have triumphed over even Mr. Walpole; but it would hardly have occurred to us as a proof of legal experience that a man should be able, through the exceptional folly of its administrators, to drive a coach and six through the letter of the law.

The great event of the evening—though, as we have already observed, it was by no means a great success—was of course Mr. Bright's speech. Into such arguments as he condescended to use about the compound householder we need not enter here. They have been urged over and over again already both in the House of Commons and out of it, and we have frequently had occasion to express our opinion on their value. The point of his speech was not in its argument but in its invectives, and its reiterated appeal to the "incorruptible conscience of the British nation" to carry on "the great and noble cause" of agitation which, as he reminded his hearers, thrives so well beyond the Atlantic (where it has demanded the sacrifice of a million or two of victims), and in denouncing the Government for their insidious treachery in "pretending to hoist the banner of Reform while they really hoisted the banner of an insulting restriction, which it would be necessary for Reformers to compel them to haul down." His aim throughout was to represent the Bill as enfranchising twenty-nine, or more properly eight boroughs, at the expense of 170, and, on the strength of this studied misrepresentation, to urge continuous and unflinching resistance. "We must move on with increased resolution, in increased numbers, if it be possible, and in increased combination and union." The object of this "movement" had been already expressed with creditable candour by the first speaker who addressed the meeting. It is "to reverse the verdict of the House of Commons." Now, if the verdict of the House of Commons is not to be allowed to settle, even temporarily, so subtle and complicated a question as that of the compound householder's payment of rates, we may as well substitute mob rule for representative government at once. Suppose manhood suffrage, protected by the ballot—which is the real end of the agitation, as more than one speaker openly avowed—to be in itself the most desirable goal, that is no sort of excuse for the "incendiary" procedure, to use Mr. Harcourt's words, by which Mr. Bright is seeking to set the whole country in a blaze. Mr. Forster's remark, that "no man more dislikes agitation" than Mr. Bright, like the other jokes of the evening, was rather a dull one. For "dislikes" substitute "likes," and you have the secret of his whole career. Some allowance may be made for the "experienced lawyer" who, in his old age, has for the first time woke up to find himself famous; but Mr. Bright is a man of different mark, and must be judged by a more rational standard. He knows perfectly well what he is about, and when he intimated some years ago that he wished the taxes to be imposed and spent by those who did not pay them, he stated with perfect sincerity the legitimate scope and end of that restless agitation in which he lives and moves and has his being. No one knows better that the present Reform Bill, even if passed exactly as it stands, will greatly enlarge the area of the constituency, and that it will be very easy for a Reformed Parliament to remove the "insidious"

restrictions so loudly complained of by repealing or modifying the Small Tenements Act, should it be judged desirable. To say that no Bill shall be passed except in the form he prefers, is to constitute himself a dictator to the country, as well as to Parliament. And to try to lash the nation into a state of chronic excitement, by proposing an organized conspiracy throughout the length and breadth of the land to prevent the return of any member who will not promise to vote steadily and constantly "in favour of the franchise pretended to be given by the Act of 1867," is as idle as it is insulting to the good sense and good feeling of the English people. It is to Mr. Bright that we owe, not the progress of Reform, but the identification of the cause with the follies of Beales and the blasphemies of Bradlaugh. But for his support in the background these men would sink into their natural obscurity. It was therefore perfectly natural that the "tremendous cheers" amid which Mr. Bright resumed his seat should be followed by the "loud, general, and protracted acclamations," to quote the *Star*, that greeted Beales M.A. when he rose, waving his arms with the frantic energy of a Mucklewraith, to pour forth his fierce denunciations in the deep guttural howl of a ranter at a Methodist revival. It was difficult to catch much of what he said, but that was of less consequence as the fervid proclamation of his readiness to "extend the right hand of fellowship"—and he suited the act to the word—to any one and every one who would help in the great cause of procuring "manhood residential suffrage, protected by the ballot," was the simple burden of his song. And, like Mr. Whalley's Parliamentary utterances, it would have been more effective if it had been sung instead of being spoken. Beales M.A. was the culminating point of the evening's amusement. As soon as he sat down, the loud cries for Mr. Mill—who was present, but did not speak—reduced the meeting to a state of hopeless confusion, in which neither the Chairman nor any one else could make himself heard; and great, evidently, was the disappointment of the few female politicians who had adventured themselves on the platform in the hope of hearing the champion of woman's rights. They were at length, however, consoled with the prospect of enjoying that privilege at another meeting next week; and Mr. Warburton having appropriately capped the proceedings by pronouncing the vote of Thursday night "infamous," the "magnificent demonstration," as one of the admiring organs of the Leaguers calls it, came at length to an end.

INCREASE OF THE EPISCOPATE, AND RITUALISM.

TO a certain class of persons Lord Lyttelton's Bill for an extension of the Episcopate will appear superfluous and out of place. In their eyes an English Bishop is a well-to-do gentleman, with a comfortable income, a life peerage, a handsome residence, and not too much work. His functions they regard as simply official, and his personal interference as almost nominal. His real business, in their eyes, is to receive and answer a certain number of routine letters, to perform a visitation of his diocese once in three years, a visit to London once every year, to dine out at all houses of sufficient notability, and to preside at a certain number of ecclesiastical or charitable meetings. This is the view actually propounded by certain writers of acuteness, who, though they would deride the idea of ousting a Judge or any other highly educated man, from the dinner tables of London society, feel called upon to indulge in semi-puritanical sneers whenever they refer to a Bishop's dining out in London. In the eyes of these persons there are already Bishops enough and to spare. They have never troubled themselves to inquire what Episcopal duties really do mean, or how far the present Episcopal staff suffices for their performance; and their criticism is rather the reflection of personal dislike to a special type of Bishop and Bishops' families. And, certainly, if all Episcopal families reproduced the resemblance of their worst type, we should not be surprised at an antipathy in which the very High-Church and the No-Church men equally share.

The mover of the Bill, however, had his eye on objects very different from the *personnel*, more or less objectionable, of certain prelates, of a type which can now scarcely be said to survive. Entertaining the opinions which are shared by all sincere Churchmen, he saw that, if an Episcopal Church is to do its work, it must not be crippled in strength. To do its work with an increasing population and increasing clergy, it must not be left in the same condition as when the population was only one-third, and the clergy less than one-half, of their present numbers. No one can deny that Episcopal supervision is more necessary than it was thirty years ago. Questions, then never dreamed of, agitate clergy and laity alike—questions which strike far deeper down than the old dogmatical problems which formed the subjects of reference in those days. And there are twice as many men as there were to feel doubts and raise questions. There is hardly a large parish in which there is not a difference of opinion between a clergyman and some of his congregation, hardly a rural deanery in which there is not a disagreement between neighbouring clergymen on some point of doctrine or ceremony. To settle these doubts, to compose these differences, to satisfy the scruples of some, and to prevent the open revolt of others, is now, more than ever before, the duty of an English Bishop. It is no wonder that in some dioceses the task has outgrown the strength of those who ought to perform it. Possibly an increase of one-fifth might not add too great a number to the Episcopal Bench. The Bill of Lord Lyttelton proposes to

create only three new sees—one in Cornwall, for the relief of the diocese of Exeter; one at Southwell, for the relief of Lichfield and Lincoln; and one at St. Alban's, for the relief of London and Rochester. The outlying portions of Cornwall have long been practically devoid of Episcopal superintendence. The great distance of the Bishop's residence, and the expense of travelling to it, have rendered communication between the Bishop and his remoter Cornish clergy all but impossible. An equal though not similar difficulty mars the efficiency of the Bishop of London, who has to struggle with the exigencies, not of a scattered diocese, but of a too numerous clergy. These dioceses have been selected as typifying, in the greatest degree, a defect which they have in common with others. The new creations will not be attended by the objectionable condition of adding to the number of Spiritual Peers. For it is proposed that only as vacancies occur in the bishoprics to which peerages are attached shall the new Bishops succeed in the order prescribed by Act of Parliament. In fact, the three additional Bishops will be in the same position as the one additional Bishop has been since the erection of Manchester into a see. Nor is it proposed to resort to the fund at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the maintenance of the new sees until other resources have been exhausted. In the meantime we are glad to see that the original intention of giving the new Bishops smaller stipends than those which are paid to the other Bishops has been abandoned. If new Bishops are to be created at all, they should be equal in all respects to their colleagues on the Bench. All sorts of nicknames would be invented to the ridicule of half-pay Bishops. A more important clause relates to the retirement of aged or infirm prelates, and the appointment of coadjutors. Coadjutor Bishops are not unknown in the Roman Catholic Church. There their condition is not always free from a certain invidiousness. They are regarded by their Bishops as present rivals and possible successors. They generally aspire to succeed; and their lives are divided between a petty anxiety to please their superiors, and a desire to be popular. In English society the position of a Coadjutor Bishop would be even more tantalizing. His appointment would be a source of great perplexity in county circles. Whom should he precede? Whom should he take out? But this would not be all, nor the worst of it. What would be the position of his wife and daughters? However spiritual thoughts might dominate in his breast, experience does not warrant us in expecting the same contempt for mundane matters in the female members of a semi-Episcopal establishment. Who would hand them to dinner and escort them at balls? The Sheriff, or the County M.P., or the Commandant of the District? These are distressing questions. It would be wiser to provide a fund for the maintenance of such Bishops as may be compelled to resign their sees through infirmity or old age, and to supersede them in their full powers and dignities by men in the vigour of life, rather than have a species of Lieutenant-Bishop, uncertain of his position and hankering after promotion.

There sounds something ironical in the juxtaposition of the debate on extending the Episcopate and the debate on Clerical Vestments. It might be supposed that, if there is any power or virtue in Bishops, it would be exerted in such a matter as the dress of the officiating clergy. And it may be asked, if the present Bishops are unable to regulate so small an affair as this, what is the use of having more? The answer to this taunt unfortunately involves the admission that, in this as well as in other similar points of discipline, the Bishops are nearly powerless. What power they do possess must be exercised *per longas ambages*, and at a great expenditure of trouble and money. It costs a Bishop we know not how long a procedure, and we dare not say how many thousand pounds, to disembarrass a recalcitrant parish of a disreputable rector—a case in which the ecclesiastical law is tolerably clear. What would it cost to get rid of a clergyman for using albs, pixes, paxes, chasubles, and all the other appurtenances which some call the trumpery of Popery, and some the expression of a sacramental form of religion? After all, the dilemma shows, not that new Bishops are superfluous, but that a new law or a new affirmation of the old law is needed. The two questions must remain apart. If the law of the English Church already forbids, or if any future law shall forbid, the use of these symbols, then there is another duty cast on the Bishops in addition to their existing duties. If such a law neither exists, nor is likely to be enacted, still there will be work sufficient for additional Bishops to perform, whatever be the fate of rites and vestments. Exeter will still remain at an unconscionable distance from the extremities of Cornwall, and the superintendence of Essex and Kent will remain an unreasonable accumulation of burden on the shoulders of the Bishop of Rochester.

That the existing Bishops should have prevented the growth of what is called Ritualism, is a proposition which it is easier to advance than to defend. In the first place, the law on the subject is not perfectly clear. In the next place, the feeling which has evoked these innovations is one which is hardly amenable to Episcopal censure. It presents two aspects, and in neither aspect can it be visited with ecclesiastical penalties. If it be regarded as a mere expression of æsthetic tendencies, it clearly cannot come within the scope of theological judgment. No existing law will touch a taste for music, choral chanting, and many-coloured vestments. If, again, it be regarded as the indication of a religious sympathy, it must be remembered that such a sympathy has always, since the Reformation, characterized a certain portion of the English Church, and, as such, has never been subjected to legal punishment. And in both aspects it now commands a con-

siderable number of adherents. Dogmas are another thing. A man may indulge in a histrionic kind of worship without compromising the faith of his Church. It is only when he preaches the doctrines of another Church that he lays himself open to censure or punishment. We believe Lord Shaftesbury to be incorrect in assuming that "ritualism" indicates only a luxurious form of religionism among the upper classes. On the contrary, a visit to St. Alban's, and the other churches most famous for their ceremonial, will prove that the worshippers include a large proportion of the young among the middle and lower-middle classes of society. Those who twenty or thirty years ago would have been Wesleyans or Evangelicals now bow their heads to the ground on the floor of a Ritualistic church. It may be, indeed, that their tendency is a reaction from the dryness of over-zealous Puritanism. That both the form and the spirit of the worship followed by these classes are essentially distinct from anything that was known in the English Church twenty-five years ago is plain enough. But it is not so plain that the change is due only to the exertions or example of particular clergymen. It seems rather to have arisen from a simultaneous aspiration both of clergy and laity. If it is contrary to the Articles and Rubric of our Church, it ought to be resisted; and if it is to be suppressed, it should be suppressed by the Bishops. But before the Bishops act, it is highly desirable that the law of the land and of the Church should be ascertained, and that it should be discovered whether the "trumpery" and "superstitions" which one party of Churchmen so vehemently denounce be not, in truth, the symbols of another party which the comprehensiveness of the Church has always retained within her bosom, but which has concealed its tendencies till lately. And we recognise no better way of strengthening the hands of the Bishops, present and prospective, in their action, than the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire and report. Even after the Commission has reported, it will be a serious question whether the English Church cannot comprehend within its fold two kinds of worship—one simple and spiritual; the other ornate and luxurious.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

VII.

THE impression that an Exhibition is an average one, or below the average, or better than usual, or remarkably good, is necessarily derived from the examination of a very few works. That an individual artist should have his good years, and his bad or indifferent years, is perfectly intelligible; an illness, and the fatigue resulting from it, or an unwisely-given commission, or an unlucky choice of subject, would be quite enough to account for a lost year—that is, a year in which nothing is done to advance reputation or gain new skill. But when five or six hundred artists exhibit their works together it is most improbable that all the five or six hundred will have been ill or misemployed at the same time; and the common habit of deciding in a trenchant manner that an Exhibition is good or bad collectively, in comparison with the Exhibition which immediately preceded it, seems difficult to justify. We hear it said that the present Academy Exhibition is a very good one, while that of last year was considered rather a bad one, the impression in both instances being due to the presence or absence, or different degrees of excellence, of works signed by half a dozen famous names. A brilliant performance sheds such lustre over the whole wall which it adorns that, although surrounding works may be killed by it, an impression of aggregate splendour is the result; and two such works in every room are enough to make people go away with the idea that the five hundred exhibitors have all been unusually clever this year, and that our school is to be congratulated upon a marked advance.

The only advance we desire for artists is an advance towards higher artistic quality, and this has very little to do with the power of amusing the world in general. Improvement in this respect may exist without being rapid enough to produce visible results in twelve months, and what concerns a country most is the degree of earnestness and intelligence with which its younger men devote themselves to purely artistic aims. It is always unfortunate for a school when men of high official position, like Sir Francis Grant, or of eminent professional skill and reputation, like Sir Edwin Landseer, range themselves wholly on the popular side, and paint rather to amuse the public than to conquer great difficulties of the essentially artistic kind for the elevation of the art itself. On the other hand, no one can measure the probable influence for good of a genius like Leighton, really devoted to art itself, and incapable of painting without reference to it. If the true artist-spirit is extending itself, our school is advancing; if it is yielding more and more to the influences of other conditions of mind, our school is making no progress, however much it may gain in interest and variety and vivacity.

Mr. Leighton's "Venus disrobing for the Bath" is conceived in the purest artistic spirit, though a narrow traditionalism would at once reject it as "ideal." Whenever ideals are truly original, when they really spring from the mind of the painter, the criticism which is based on the application of traditional formulas rejects them as wanting in some fixed and ascertained perfection—some perfection fixed by the custom of an authoritative artist and ascertained to be for ever necessary to all subsequent excellence. We know so well beforehand all that criticism of this kind would find to say against Mr. Leighton's Venus that we

begin by defending his originality. She is not a Greek Venus; it is true, for Mr. Leighton has not copied a statue; nor is she an Italian or a French Venus; but she is the woman whom an Englishman, whose imagination had been refined by the best foreign culture, might naturally see in his dream of ideal beauty. One word expresses her beauty—she is *fair*. She has not only fairness of colour, but all that such fairness demands, and chiefly a perfect grace. Half her splendour is due to her surroundings, and less to contrast than to a challenge of comparisons.

Sir Edwin Landseer's picture, "Her Majesty at Osborne in 1866," will always be exceedingly interesting. The Queen is on horseback, and has just received despatches. She is in deep mourning, and the horse and three dogs have had the good fortune to be provided by nature with permanent suits of black, a circumstance which has earned for them the honour of serving and attending Her Majesty on the present occasion. The human attendant is in Highland costume, but even his kilt and stockings are black, the tartan being too gay for an inch of it to be admissible. Two ladies in half-mourning are seated on a garden-bench to the left. The effect of this funeral picture on the public mind is not likely to be favourable, and we rather doubt the policy of exhibiting it. Three or four centuries hence there will be a great romance and poetry about the memory of Queen Victoria. Her faithful devotion and long mourning will raise her into an ideal of widowhood; and as it is always the excess of a tendency which is sure to be remembered, she may become the type of conjugal devotion, as Bayard is the type of chivalry, or Sir Galahad of purity. When that time shall come this picture will have an interest which we cannot now realize. The English people of this generation have become jealous of the memory of Prince Albert, and nothing can be more natural or excusable than a feeling of this kind. The people of England have loved Queen Victoria with a love such as no sovereign ever before excited in the heart of a great country, and they do not like to see that so much loyalty has so little power of consolation. If any one will stand by this picture for a quarter of an hour and listen to the comments of visitors he will learn how great an imprudence has been committed in the exhibition of it. If Her Majesty, in the retirement of Osborne, carries her wish to be in mourning so far as to prefer black horses and black dogs, it is no business of ours—we respect the privacy of Her Majesty; but when Sir Edwin Landseer puts the Queen and her black favourites into what are, during the season, the most public rooms in England, he does more harm to her popularity than he imagines. The painting shows no technical decline. Sir Edwin could never paint a horse better than he can now. This black horse is quite wonderful; too much attention is drawn to his beautiful coat, but Sir Edwin is so dexterous that he cannot help giving gloss where gloss exists in nature. The human faces are of course not so good as the animals, but the subject falls more within Sir Edwin's range of feeling than the "Godiva" of last year, and the picture is unquestionably a success. Like the dogs and the horse, the sky is in mourning, and dares not show a glimpse of blue, the only brilliant colour admitted being the red despatch-box on the ground, echoed in the distance by the red coat of one of the Royal servants, who however atones for his brilliance by wearing crape on his arm. Sir Edwin Landseer has the reputation of being an accomplished courtier, and we congratulate him on having found means to imply that not only dumb animals but even the uncontrollable elements themselves sympathize with the Royal feeling.

The best picture by Mr. Millais is certainly the "Minuet," in the North Room. A wonderful little girl in red, with white apron, dress trimmed with white, buckles in her shoes, pearls and flowers in her hair, gold cross hung round her neck by a black riband, and, better than all this finery, with one of the sweetest little faces ever painted, and the frankest, most innocent blue eyes—this is the great personage of the picture, the lady at the piano being altogether secondary to her. The little girl is dancing a minuet on a polished floor in an old room hung with tapestry. Not far from the little dancer is an old-fashioned chair with a purple cushion, and tea-things on the cushion. If this picture had been at Paris, instead of the "Eve of St. Agnes," it would have made a difference in the painter's Continental reputation. This is exactly the kind of picture which Mr. Millais can paint better than any other painter who ever lived. How natural and nice it is in feeling! what a perfect little gentlewoman this is! what subtlety and force of colouring, what splendid power of interpretation! Work of this kind is remote indeed from the ill-considered emptiness of the "Eve of St. Agnes," and the bad landscape-painting of the "Roman Lover." And art more serious in subject admits of equally perfect work. To be serious it is not necessary to make stiff people like the young lady in the stays ("Eve of St. Agnes"), nor ugly ground like the ground on which the Roman lover bade farewell to his mistress. Mr. Millais has sometimes painted well and seriously too, but even such art as this, though not apparently serious in subject, is infinitely preferable to a more ambitious art when ambition leads only to awkwardness.

The custom of exhausting the criticism of figure-pictures before saying a word about landscapes is unjust to landscape-painters, because it delays the notice of their works until the Exhibition has lost its freshness. We will not be guilty of this injustice towards such excellent artists as Mr. Graham and Mr. H. W. B. Davis. Mr. Graham's understanding of Highland landscape seems to us more profound than that of any other artist who has hitherto attempted to paint it. The harmony between the character of the artist's mind and the character of the scenery to be rendered is in

this instance so complete that we recognise in him the gifted interpreter we have so long waited for in vain. With the single exception of Mr. Newton, no artist has ever before rendered Highland scenery in its pathos and magnificence, and Mr. Newton has been attracted far more to the magnificence than the pathos. Now there are many things in this "O'er Moss and Moor" of Mr. Graham which are so intensely and peculiarly true to Highland character that no other picture we ever saw interprets the Highlands for us so perfectly as this. It has been raining, but it is fair now after sunset, and the chilly twilight is falling over the moor. The sky is pale with heavy shreds of broken rain-cloud, slate-colour chiefly, but lighted in the zenith with a dull tawny hue, and nearer the horizon with crimson, the dying light of the afterglow. These relations of colour in the sky are admirably right, and few artists have either the knowledge or the courage necessary to paint the tawny cloud and the crimson cloud both in the same picture, though nature does so frequently enough. The cloud-forms, too, are as admirable as the colour; wind-torn, and yet again delicately curved by the same wind, the fragments hold their places in a beautiful order. Against the dark crimson of the lower sky comes a wood of Scotch firs; to the right and to the left we have a bit of purple hill, not an ambitious mountain emulous of the Alps. The strongest point of all is the colouring of the foreground. All the rich Highland colours are there—emerald moss and grass by the little pool, purple heather, gray stones, and brown earth; dry gray sticks of old heather too, for sobriety and a little sadness. Across this come the peat carts, the leader with a white horse, who holds his place artistically amongst the gray stones, and therefore is not isolated.

The pleasure of praising heartily is one which a sincere critic can so rarely enjoy that we might be tempted, by our delight in this work, to an undue estimate of the artist's rank. We are not quite sure yet whether Mr. Graham is to turn out a truly great artist or only an excellent interpreter of nature, but we are certain that he is entirely to be relied upon as a true and earnest observer. His most dangerous tendency in colour is a tendency to blackness, but in last year's picture and this no harm has resulted from it. His manual skill is above criticism; the hand is clever enough. Whether the range of his sympathies is narrow or extensive remains to be seen, and it is not easy to determine yet whether he has the creative gift, or only a fine sensitiveness and a powerful memory.

The "Moonrise" of Mr. Davis is so very tender and delicate that it seems feeble. Some cattle are passing near a little stream, and the moon is beginning to shine in a sky thinly veiled with cloud. A work of this character is seriously injured by exhibition, and no judgment of it will be worth much till it hangs on a wall by itself. The endeavour to reach extreme delicacy has deprived the picture of the force to be attained by opposition, but if the result looks like weakness, it is not a vulgar weakness. We have great confidence in Mr. Davis, and believe that his picture will gain infinitely by isolation. Let us entreat the purchaser to give it a broad margin of wall, and especially to keep works in strong chiaroscuro or violent colour well out of its way.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

THE opening night at Her Majesty's Theatre promised well. The opera was *Le Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, the distribution of characters in which, with one important and two unimportant exceptions, is certainly stronger and more generally efficient than at the other house. To name at once the exceptions, and to begin with the exception of most consequence—the Cherubino of Madame de Meric Lablache is in no sense comparable with the Cherubino of Madlle. Lucca. Madlle. Lucca's Cherubino sins occasionally on the side of extravagance, and, indeed, is overacted throughout. But, on the other hand, there is a certain charm about it, as there is about every impersonation of Madlle. Lucca's, Cherubino more especially, which, as in some of the inimitable caricatures of Ronconi, not only compels forgiveness, but stimulates interest. Now, Madame Lablache overacts Cherubino just as much as Madlle. Lucca—more, perhaps, on the whole—without exhibiting that charm which compels forgiveness and stimulates interest. Moreover, Madlle. Lucca, being a soprano, sings the two airs "Non so più cosa son," and "Voi che sapete," in Mozart's own keys, while Madame Lablache, being a contralto, does not and, for the matter of that, cannot. What is lost by the transposition of those beautiful songs to keys considerably lower in pitch, not merely of brightness in the vocal part, but of rich colouring in the accompaniments for the orchestra, need scarcely be insisted on. Waiving these special objections, however, Madame Lablache has none of the indispensable requisites for such a character as the amorous Page of Beaumarchais, *Da Ponte*, and Mozart. The unimportant exceptions are the Basilio of Mr. Charles Lyall, and the Antonio of Signor Casaboni. Mr. Lyall, it is true, might fairly be preferred to Signor Neri-Baraldi, if he did not omit the air "In quegli anni," and thus reduce Basilio almost to musical insignificance. Signor Polonini's drunken Gardener however is, as we have said, a bit of genuine comedy; while the drunken Gardener of Signor Casaboni is a nonentity. In the remaining characters, excepting Marcellina, played by Madame Tagliafico, who may pair off with Madame Anese at Covent Garden, the advantage is greatly on the side of Her Majesty's Theatre. The Susanna of Madlle. Sinico is a real and sprightly bit of life; and though the voice of this clever lady is not equal to the voice of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, her

singing is marked by qualities which may be sought for in vain in the singing of her rival at the other house. The Countess of Madlle. Tietjens, and the Count of Mr. Santley, are probably, at the time being, unequalled on the Italian stage. Madlle. Frizzi could ill support a comparison with the first, and Signor Graziani as ill support a comparison with the last. It must be admitted that Mr. Santley does not greatly shine as an actor; but Signor Graziani is even less gifted with histrionic talent, although with most of his impersonations, he makes, in this respect, an emphatic exhibition of incapacity. To conclude, the Figaro of Signor Gassier is on the whole better than the Figaro of M. Petit—as a genuine Italian operatic Figaro is nearly always better than a French one. The orchestra at both houses is admirable—that of Covent Garden, if we are forced to weigh their respective claims, being, for various reasons, entitled to the palm, and Mr. Costa showing a more classical taste than Signor Ardit, in adhering with closer reverence to the original score, restoring the *fandango*, the omission of which at Her Majesty's Theatre destroys the symmetry of the third *finale*, and giving the opera, not in two acts, but in four, according to the plan of Mozart. On the other hand, the chorus at Her Majesty's Theatre evinces a marked superiority over that at Covent Garden, in *Figaro* as in every other opera. The singers at the old house are for the most part young, with strong fresh voices; while those at the other, however apt and experienced, are in the majority of instances what, in the language of the Turf, is termed "aged." As far as the *mise en scène* is concerned, it would be hard to say at which house it is the least showy. Comparisons, under the circumstances, are unavoidable, and may be found the less out of place now, inasmuch as we have nothing to add to the descriptions of either *Figaro* which appeared in the *Saturday Review* at the end of last season. It is curious, though to real amateurs not surprising, that an opera composed by a German musician as far back as 1786 should, eighty years after, be a sort of test of capacity between the two great London Italian lyric theatres; and the more curious because, on account of the unusual number of responsible characters, it is one of the most difficult of all operas to present efficiently. Mozart, however, is evidently in the ascendant. Only the other night (Thursday) at Covent Garden, *Don Giovanni*, in consequence of the indisposition of Madlle. Adelina Patti, being withdrawn, *Le Nozze di Figaro* was readily accepted in lieu of it by a crowded house, which seemed to take consolation, in the delicious melodies that abound in every scene, for the disappointment of not hearing the most popular dramatic singer of the day in the most popular opera of all time.

What can have tempted Mr. Mapleson to revive such a work as *I Lombardi* it is not easy to guess. The earlier operas of Signor Verdi have little in them that is enduring. *Oberto**, his first, made a noise for a time; and some enthusiastic friends of the composer proclaimed "a new Rossini!" But the utter failure, a year later, of its immediate successor, *Un Giorno di Regno*, dissipated for a while the magnificent hopes that had been built upon the shadowy pretensions of *Oberto*. To speak truth, there was very little in either of them to justify great expectations. Nor can we believe that the third opera of the most popular representative of "Young Italy" will survive. Its composer is now in the plenitude of his fame, and yet no one ever hears of it. We allude to *Nabucodonosor*, first brought forward in 1842, the libretto of which was written by one Solera, who had in vain endeavoured to persuade the German, Otto Nicolai (then in Italy), author of the opera known to frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre as *Falstaff*, to set it to music. It just suited young Verdi, however, and those who can remember *Nino*, at Her Majesty's Theatre (1846), and *Anato*, at the Royal Italian Opera (1850), must still have some echoes of the "sound and fury signifying nothing" in their mind's ear. To *Nabucodonosor*, *Nino*, and *Anato* succeeded *I Lombardi alla prima Crociata*, the libretto for which was concocted by this same Solera, from a poem by Grossi, who really ought to have a new edition now that the opera his pages inspired has been thought worthy of revival. *I Lombardi* met with an enormous success at the Scala, in Milan, where it was first represented in February, 1843; but we very much doubt whether a traveller disposed to spend a couple of years in visiting every considerable or inconsiderable Italian city (all Italian cities can boast a lyric theatre) would have the slightest chance of hearing it now. In Paris, four years later, it made a complete *fiasco*, at the Grand Opera, where it was performed, with modifications and additions, under the name of *Jerusalem*. Duprez played the principal character; but it was of little avail; the last tones of a once noble voice were effectually silenced by *Jerusalem*, and the "Tu mens, tu mens, tu mens!"—which, during a short space, was a byword in the streets of Paris, and which the great French tenor of the "*Ut de poitrine*" used to shriek rather than sing, so utterly exhausted was he by his previous exertions. The two attempts at gaining popularity for *I Lombardi* made by Mr. Lumley, the most enterprising operatic impresario of the century—in 1846, with Grisi, Mario, and Fornasari, and in 1850, with a new tenor, since, in spite of his beautiful voice, forgotten †—were both failures. And no wonder. The book is as rambling, improbable, and absurd as anything of the sort could well be; and though even at that period Verdi was not infrequently visited with an original tune, sure to find its way

to the street-organs, with the exception of one or two pretty melodies, a chorus of Crusaders, and a prayer, in unison almost throughout, then as now a favourite peculiarity of the composer, it contains no more genuine music than *Nabucodonosor* and its predecessors—much less, in fact, than *Ernani*, Verdi's fifth opera, which, though by no means a great opera, was far superior to anything he had previously given to the world. Our contemporaries have been at such commendable pains to narrate, as intelligibly as it was in their power, the plot of *I Lombardi*, that we shall be charitable enough to suppose that our opera-loving readers have already mastered it in all its incoherent details, and afflict them with no more than an outline. More utterly uninteresting personages than the two Lombard brothers, Arvino and Pagano—Arvino the successful, Pagano the unsuccessful wooer of a certain Violinda, as uninteresting as either of them—could not well be imagined. Pagano, at any rate, has some force of character. Disappointed of Violinda he stabs Arvino, and supposing the blow to be fatal, flies the country. The wound, however, being not mortal, after a protracted exile, Pagano is allowed to return, and the good Arvino, with the approval of the no less excellent Violinda, receives him with open arms. The reprobate, nevertheless, is reprobate still, and, in the prosecution of a plot to carry away Violinda, murders his own father, the extenuating circumstance being that the blow was meant for his brother. Pagano would scorn to be a parricide; but to be a fratricide, so that his purpose were effected (that of abducting his brother's wife), he would not so much mind. Learning the real nature of his crime, he retreats again, and, taking refuge in a wilderness in Palestine, repents, becomes hermit, vegetates in a cave, does great service to the Crusaders, and eventually rescues his brother's daughter, Giselda, from the harem of a certain Oronte, son of the Governor of Antioch. Giselda, however, having fallen in love with Oronte, thinks rather of converting her *innamorato* to the true faith than of leaving him. Her wish is accomplished somewhat later. Antioch being besieged and taken by Arvino, aided by Pagano, Oronte and Giselda escape together. Oronte, in the flight, is pursued and mortally wounded; but conducted by Pagano to his hermit's abode, he dies there, a Christian—thanks to the united persuasions of his lover and the repentant parricide. Giselda is consoled by a vision which shows that, owing to her successful advocacy, Oronte has been admitted into Paradise. Pagano receives his death-wound in the act of saving the life of his injured brother, Arvino, at the siege of Jerusalem.

When we repeat that *I Lombardi* contains an air for the tenor (Oronte), "*La mia letizia*," one or two spirited though by no means well-written choruses, short, abrupt, noisy, and generally in unison, a somewhat tortured prayer for Giselda, with occasional passages of less importance, we have said all that can justly be said in favour of the music in what is decidedly one of Verdi's worst operas, and one of the worst operas ever composed. The performance, however, at Her Majesty's Theatre—now that Signor Mongini has taken the place of Mr. Hohler in the part of Oronte, for the adequate representation of which the English tenor was scarcely competent—is generally so good, that stupid as is the libretto, and empty as is the music for the most part, the thing is worth at least a hearing. Perhaps no more ungratefully laborious a part exists in the lyric drama than that of Giselda; but those who take pleasure in seeing how difficulties may be overcome by art and resolution combined, can hardly do better than go and listen to Madlle. Tietjens. The effect she makes out of her music is nothing short of wonderful. Not less remarkable is the indomitable perseverance and eminent ability with which Mr. Santley grapples with the music of that most detestable personage—repentant sinner though he be—Pagano. There is hardly a phrase in the whole that is really and in the genuine sense musical. But as Dædalus essayed the empty air with wings, and

Perrupit Acheronta Hæculeus labor,

so do these true artists, struggling with the difficulties of *I Lombardi*, exemplify the Horatian rule that *nil mortalibus arduum est*. As much, indeed, may be said for Signor Mongini, who, nevertheless, at any rate has one melody to sing ("*La mia letizia*"). The other characters are extremely well supported. What can possibly be made out of Arvino is well made out by Signor Tasca, a tenor with a voice worth cultivating more assiduously; and the subordinate part of Pirro, Pagano's confidant, is admirably sustained by that very generally useful and efficient singer, Signor Gassier. Signor Tasca interpolates an exceedingly dull *scena* from *Giovanna d'Arco*—another opera by Verdi (his seventh*), written to a libretto for which the already-named Solera found materials in a pastoral poem by Domrémy, and produced, without success, at the Scala (Milan), in 1845; but, for the impression it creates, it might just as well be omitted. The character of Violinda could hardly meet with a more docile representative than Madlle. Corsi. *I Lombardi* is effectively placed upon the stage; the costumes are for the most part effective, and the scenery of Mr. Telbin is picturesque and appropriate. Nor is anything left undone that can possibly be done for the musical *ensemble* by Signor Ardit. Notwithstanding all this, it is useless to hope that so feeble a work can much longer hold its position on the stage.

The return of Signor Mongini has greatly satisfied the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre. His second appearance was in the *Trovatore*, about which inevitable revival, season after

* *Oberto*, *Conte di San Bonifazio*, produced in Italy (1840) with considerable success.

† Baucarde.

* *Ernani* was his fifth, and *I due Foscari* his sixth.

season, it is unnecessary to offer one word beyond the mere statement that never has the music of Manrico been declaimed with more splendid vigour than by the gentleman whose voice now stands pre-eminent among "robust tenors." Of course the Leonora was Madlle. Tietjens, and the Conte di Luna Mr. Santley. There was also a new Azucena—Madlle. Eracleo—who is not likely to be heard again. We have had, too, one performance of the *Huguenots*, with Madlle. Tietjens as Valentine, Signor Tasca as Raoul, Herr Rokitanski as Marcel, perhaps the best—if a splendid *basso profundo*, one of the deepest and richest in quality since the prime of Herr Formes, and a fair dramatic talent may count—now to be obtained; Madlle. Sinico, to whom every possible character in the operatic repertory seems to come readily, as the Queen; Signor Gassier as St. Bris; Mr. Santley as Nevers; and another unknown lady, Madlle. Martelli—*prima donna contralto assoluta* at the San Carlo Theatre, Lisbon, but not at all likely ever to support the same dignity at Her Majesty's Theatre, London—as Urbain, the Page. *Der Freischütz* has equally been played once, with Madlle. Tietjens as Agatha, Madlle. Sinico as Annchen, Signor Gassier (why not Mr. Santley?) as Caspar, and Signor Tasca (Signor Mongini being indisposed) as Max. This was by no means such a performance of Weber's masterpiece as we have been accustomed to at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Of the very recent revival of Otto Nicolai's *Fallstaff* (on Thursday night) we shall speak in a future article. There are several changes in the cast of the *dramatis personee*, each of which merits consideration apart.

Meanwhile, at Her Majesty's Theatre the reappearance of Madlle. Ilma de Murska, and the advent of the new singer, Madlle. Cristine Nilsson (from the Théâtre Lyrique), are anxiously looked forward to; while at the Royal Italian Opera the novelties anticipated with most interest are the new operas of Verdi and Gounod—*Don Carlos* and *Romeo et Juliette* (with Madlle. Patti as Juliet, and Signor Mario as Romeo).

BATH RACES.

THE Bath meeting is rapidly rising in importance, not only because it is the last public occasion on which indication can be given of the probable merits of any of the horses engaged in the Derby, but also from the intrinsic interest of its own programme. It is indeed vitally necessary that the programme should be more than usually interesting, for the course is not so conveniently situated as to attract visitors by the promise of merely ordinary sport. The journey from London is sufficiently long, but the ascent of that fearful and wonderful hill, the three miles' climb from the railway station to Lansdowne, seems longer still. It is as well to walk, if you can, if merely to escape the rapacity of the Bath fly-drivers, who for cool and complacent extortion are only equalled by their brethren at Brighton. But let every one beware of the extraordinary contrasts of temperature. The instant you stand on the top of Lansdowne you pass from summer to winter. What the wind must be in January we shudder to think of; what it was on Tuesday last we remember with no pleasure. The grand stand, which no doubt sufficed amply for a merely local meeting, is quite insufficient for present requirements. It is badly built, and inconveniently crowded; there is only one exit from the top, and that of the narrowest dimensions, so that several hundred people have to file out one by one—a work requiring time and labour. Lastly the luncheon, for which three shillings are demanded, would be dear at threepence. As the authorities at Bath are now beginning to come in contact with civilized persons, it is fair to suppose that these rude provincialisms will by degrees be amended.

There were seven races on Tuesday, and the first was a mere walk over for Ostreger, who was opposed only by Queen of Trumps and another. Mr. Thellusson's magnificent horse had no occasion to go out of a quiet easy canter, though he looked as if he would have liked a good gallop; and we were almost sorry that it was not necessary to indulge him, so that we might have had the pleasure of seeing his grand stride and powerful action. Five only ran for the three-year-old Biennial, but amongst them were Wroughton and Van Amburgh, to whom the race was confined. It is needless to say that the issue of this event was looked for with the greatest interest, for Wroughton was only beaten by a head by Vauban in the Newmarket Biennial, and Van Amburgh had been, till within a few days, a stable companion of The Rake, and was understood to be 12 lbs. inferior to Mr. Pryor's horse. Both looked well, Wroughton in particular being fresh and full of go, and almost defying Fordham's efforts to keep him in. They were on equal terms for a mile, when Wroughton collapsed in a moment, and Van Amburgh had the rest of the race to himself. Wroughton has thus proved himself a non-stayer; indeed we never saw a horse compound so decisively and so instantaneously. Van Amburgh, on the other hand, has shown good steady ability to get a distance; but we should say that he is deficient in speed, and in the Derby a horse must have speed as well as endurance. It would not be wise, however, to draw from Wroughton's defeat conclusions unfavourable to Vauban, for Mr. Cartwright's horse is unquestionably good for a mile, and would, we think, have beaten Van Amburgh at that distance; and we have no right to infer, because he cannot stay another half mile, that therefore Vauban labours under a similar disadvantage. The Bath Handicap resulted in a close race between Goojerat and Knight Errant, the former winning by a neck. The running of

Lord Coventry's horse has been very consistent ever since he was third to Marmite and Ostreger at Newmarket in the Prince of Wales' Handicap; and Knight Errant, who ran prominently in the St. Liz Handicap at Northampton, is likely to be useful in races of this class. For the two-year-old Biennial Grinston was a starter, and only four others attempted an ineffectual opposition. It is sufficient to say that Grinston, who has hitherto pretty well farmed these races, won as he pleased, and that Lord Palmerston, the best public runner of those behind him, was second. There were forty subscribers to the Beaufort Cup, and at one time there seemed a fair chance of a good field and a good race, but the competitors dwindled away from day to day till at last only five were left, and out of those five two belonged to the same subscriber. No efforts, no prizes, however valuable, seem able to bring together a decent field of first-class horses for a long-distance weight-for-age race. One such contest would be worth all the plates and handicaps of a whole month, but every year the chances of witnessing such seem fewer. Amongst the entries we find the names of The Duke, Dalby, Lecturer, Savernake, Rama, Viridis, Lord Lyon, Moulsey, and Sydmon. A race between such antagonists would be an event indeed. But Dalby is in retirement, Savernake makes no sign this season, Rama has lost all form apparently, Viridis and Lord Lyon are presumably in reserve for their great match in the autumn, and The Duke we know nothing about, except that he is still in training. So there were none left but our old friends Lecturer and John Davis, the irrepressible Moulsey, and a couple of outsiders, Knight Errant and Flying Scud. Lecturer cantered very indifferently and sluggishly, as if he would much rather have been in his stable—a very natural desire, considering all he has done this year. Moulsey galloped with that gluttonous voracity for hard work which has become a part of his nature, and the remainder were not much noticed. John Davis, after a time, attempted to make the running for his stable companion, but no more successfully even than at Northampton. Cannon kept looking round to see if Lecturer was coming, but Lecturer never came. He ran as if he was thoroughly stale and jaded, and was never in the race for a moment. The two three-year-olds, Flying Scud and Knight Errant, ran very prominently throughout, but it was clear to any one that Moulsey might have gone to the front at any moment he liked, though Grimshaw judiciously kept him back till the very last turn, for he was pulling double the whole way. The instant he was let out he rushed through his horses and won in a canter; Flying Scud being a very respectable second. Hitherto two miles and a half have been supposed to be considerably beyond Moulsey's distance, but the improvement in his form this year is so astonishing that there is no reason now why he should not aspire to the honour of winning over Cup courses. After his easy victory at Bath with 9 st. 5 lbs., few people will feel inclined to doubt that he must have won the Chester Cup, with 8 st., had it not been for the unfortunate accident that destroyed his chance. Lecturer is giving evident signs of his inability to stand such a continuance of hard work. He ran worse at Chester than he did at Northampton, and worse at Bath than he did at Chester. The little horse is a game, honest animal, and as no number of defeats will induce handicappers to admit him on lenient terms, it is positive cruelty to deprive him of that rest which he so urgently requires. The County Members' Plate was carried off by Tumbler, and as Rhymer was the next best in the race, it is hardly necessary to say that it was won in a canter.

On Wednesday there was some excellent racing and several exciting finishes. John Davis won the Dyrham Park Handicap by a head from Chevalier d'Esprit, but Wild Moor would have won easily had he not run against a post and thrown his jockey. This post, by the way, appeared to us to be very badly placed. Eleven two-year-olds, most of them of high quality, contested for the Weston Stakes—Blue Gown, Grinston (with 5 lbs. extra), and Lady Elizabeth (with 5 lbs. extra), being far above the rest according to public running. Blue Gown had a 3 lbs. allowance and also a 3 lbs. penalty, which neutralized each other. The opinion expressed about him at Ascot, that he was built more for staying than for speed, was justified on this occasion, for he was chopped at the start, and had no chance over half-a-mile with such flyers as Grinston and Lady Elizabeth, to whom the race was left after the first hundred yards. Grinston had all the best of it, and appeared to be winning easily, but we are of opinion that his jockey made too sure of the race, for he allowed Lady Elizabeth, who was in difficulties at the distance, to stick close to him; and Fordham, riding her with great resolution, and the filly displaying thorough gameness, she just got her head first past the winning-post. It is true that Grinston is not a good finisher, but still he was never called on till within a few strides of the chair, while Lady Elizabeth was ridden for the last two hundred yards. The Somersetshire Stakes, supposed to be the principal race of the meeting, was a most ridiculous failure, for, out of sixty-four subscribers, fifty-two were dissatisfied with the handicapper's judgment; and out of the twelve who declared themselves content, only four were represented in the race. We will not enter here into an argument, but we may observe that the whole question of handicapping is in so unsatisfactory a condition as to demand the serious attention of all interested in the welfare of the Turf. The four who started for the Somersetshire Stakes were Pintail, Salpinx, Douro, and Gomera. The last-named had been carefully prepared and reserved for this race, and as it was no secret that she had been judged to be the best of John Day's lot before the Chester Cup, her success now was almost a foregone conclusion. Though Douro

was allowed to make something of a race with her, she won in reality without difficulty, while Pintail and Salpinctes were beaten off. This uninteresting affair over, there was a close struggle between Steamboat and Black Prince in the Dodington Welter Stakes. Steamboat was ridden by a professional, and Black Prince by an amateur jockey, and thereby the former gained the race, which else must almost inevitably have fallen to the latter. Mr. Stirling, like many other riders, thought he was going to achieve an easy victory, and kept his horse in instead of letting him out. Consequently he had to sit down and ride at the finish, and was of course outridden. An experienced professional, possessing a perfect knowledge of pace, may often with great advantage allow his horse to win only by a head or a neck; but when an amateur of moderate ability gets a chance of winning, he had better win by as much as he can. There was a field of six for the Badminton Stakes, and amongst them were Xi, Ostreger, Cranbury, and Queen of Trumps. A close and interesting contest was anticipated, particularly between the two first-named; but the customary fractiousness of Cranbury prevented anything like a favourable start. In the end he jumped over a gate and got rid of his rider, Payne, who thereupon led him back to the starting-post, and was in the act of leaping into the saddle when the flag fell. Extraordinary to say, Payne had no time even to put his feet in the stirrups, and Xi not getting off, and Ostreger being left at the post, Cranbury and his stirrupless jockey had the race to themselves. Such a ridiculous performance was never witnessed, and when two such riders as Fordham and Wells are left behind, and a man without stirrups cantering in almost alone, it is fair to conclude that the starter must have made a slight mistake. Irrespectively of this, there was nothing to find fault with in the arrangements of the meeting; for the various events were brought off with a punctuality rare at country gatherings, and the races terminated each day at a reasonable hour. There was nothing to eat or to drink, but on the country carriages we had the pleasure of seeing the outsides of some of the largest hampers that have ever come under our notice. The special train in the evening stopped every now and then for about half an hour, so that the journey home was performed at the rate of about five-and-twenty miles an hour; and for all these mercies we feel very thankful.

REVIEWS.

BAGEHOT ON THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.*

THIS is a volume of shrewd, sensible, and in a great degree original, observations on the present working of the English Constitution. It is the fruit of much acute reflection, and of a large acquaintance with the varied facts of public life. It is written in a style singularly lucid and brilliant; and if in any respect faulty, only faulty because it is too clever, and diverts the attention too much from the matter to the form. Such a volume on a subject so novel cannot fail to be interesting. Few persons, probably, except those who have studied the subject, are aware how novel a subject the English Constitution is. The literature on it is in great part an exposition of a theory concerning it which is almost wholly imaginary. In law, the mainspring of the Constitution, viewed as a scheme of government, is the prerogative of the Crown. Law books set out from twenty to thirty chief heads of this prerogative, and all these heads of prerogative are dead and gone so far as the Sovereign is concerned. The real place of the Sovereign in the kingdom is entirely different from that of the Sovereign whose position is described under these heads of prerogative, taken from the old books, which correctly described the legal position of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. The literature of the Constitution is either historical or theoretical. Hallam's *Constitutional History* is in its way a most admirable work, but it is only a summary of historical facts in times unlike our own, and is exclusively written from the point of view of a Whig judge—an honest judge, but still a Whig. The theoretical literature describes a system of ingenious dead-locks, the executive balancing the legislative power, the Lords, representing aristocracy, perpetually checkmating the Commons representing democracy—a system which never existed in England, and never could have existed in any country under the sun. Mr. Bagehot may well begin his volume by saying that something yet remains to be written on the English Constitution, and although his volume is only a volume of desultory remarks on this novel subject, yet it is so full of true and sagacious thought that no one will ever again set himself to study the English Constitution without consulting it. Of course a volume of desultory remarks has its weak side. It is sometimes very hard to see what the author is driving at; the book leaves no strong or definite impression; each page seems better than the chapter of which it is a part; and each chapter seems better than the volume. But in spite of this drawback it is a living book coming in place of a dead literature; it suggests, if it does not explain; it makes us see old things in a new way; and how great a merit this is may be estimated by those who will consider how few are the books of which it can be said.

The central idea of Mr. Bagehot's book is that the House of Commons is in the main an elective assembly. Its chief work is

to elect that small body of actual rulers known as the Cabinet. But to this body it stands in a peculiar relation. For although the Cabinet is created by the House of Commons, yet the Cabinet can dissolve Parliament and put an end to the existence of its creator. The ultimate power in the British Constitution is therefore a newly-elected House of Commons. It is to that that the Cabinet can appeal, and by its decision the Cabinet must abide. The House of Commons, through the Cabinet, governs the country, and it is because it has to choose the Cabinet that it differs from an ordinary club. As Mr. Bagehot points out, no engine of government could be more absurd than a chance assembly of 658 men. But because these 658 men have to exercise an elective function, they form themselves into parties. They organize themselves as all electoral bodies organize themselves, for without this organization no one can hope to exercise a real influence in determining the result of an election. But the House is a good elective body, for the very reason that it is not merely an elective body. It watches over those it has elected, and can proceed to make a fresh choice if it pleases. It also continuously exercises other functions, the exercise of which gives it occupation, influence, and self-respect. It carries out the national will, it teaches the nation, it brings special grievances and special wants to light, it makes new laws, it checks the Cabinet; because, as the machinery of Government is in a large measure carried on by new laws made from year to year, it supervises the conduct of those whom it has appointed, but who have constantly to appeal to it. That a House capable of exercising properly functions so various should exist, presupposes the fulfilment of many antecedent conditions. The nation which gathers together this assembly of dignified electors must have a sense of the necessity of all its parts working together, must be tolerably free from local jealousies and antipathies, must be calm enough not to push its nominees into the abysses of party fanaticism, and must have a sense that the system it puts into operation is a reasonable one, and one in harmony with its traditions, its requirements, and its wishes. If every one in a nation interfered in the nomination, then every one ought to be sufficiently educated to understand the nature of the duties which Parliament has to perform. Such a nation can scarcely be said to exist, even in an imperfect way, anywhere; but in England the want is supplied by the habitual deference of the lower orders to the higher. The poor are quite content that those above them should alone be entrusted with political power. Only those who are tolerably competent elect the electors of the Cabinet. This is Mr. Bagehot's view of the English Constitution as it exists, and it is well worth studying; but how long it or any other view of the Constitution now accepted as truth will remain true is quite another matter. For good or for evil, the primary electoral body will soon be entirely changed.

That a good Cabinet should be formed and govern, there must therefore be a good body of primary electors, or constituents; and a good body of secondary electors, or members of the House of Commons. If a good Cabinet is formed, the kind of government it gives a nation is, as Mr. Bagehot thinks, and as most Englishmen think, the best in the world. Some advantages that it possesses are very obvious. The comparison with Presidential government so often made shows that it has two immense advantages. It is elastic, and can meet a crisis; and, secondly, it raises the whole character of public life; for the member of the legislative body who works and succeeds may always hope to pass into the executive body. He has an aim and an ambition which he cannot have when the legislative and the executive bodies are, as in America, totally distinct. But the advantages of that fusion of the executive with the legislative power which the Cabinet expresses and embodies do not stop here. The executive is injured by being separated from the legislative power, and so is the legislative power injured by being separated from the executive. The executive cannot carry out what it thinks right, for the legislative body may not agree with it. The legislative body is not restrained by that sense of responsibility which is the best check on reckless legislation. If it makes bad laws, hard to understand and impossible to carry out, it feels nothing of the burden it creates, for it is the executive that has to encounter the practical difficulty of putting the law into operation. Cabinet government avoids these evils; in it the executive guides the legislative body, and the legislative body has perpetually before it the responsibility entailed by the necessity of finding a Cabinet that will carry out its decrees. Nor does Mr. Bagehot leave without an answer the old objection that, as Cabinet government involves frequent changes of Ministry, there must always be in office a succession of men only very partially acquainted with office. That outsiders of common sense and good ability should superintend the administration of permanent skilled officials is not only the system of Cabinet government, but of many of those great mercantile corporations, like joint-stock banks, which in modern days have won an enormous success. Each department of Government must answer to Parliament, for Parliament will inquire into everything and know everything, and it must do so if it is to exercise that universal continuous authority by exercising which it makes itself a good, because an occupied and self-respecting, electoral body. If Parliament calls each department to account, the department must have some one to answer for it; and experience shows that Parliament cares infinitely more for the defence offered by the most ignorant of its own members in office than for any defence that could be offered by the most skilled of permanent officials. In his defence of Cabinet government

* *The English Constitution*. By Walter Bagehot. Reprinted from the "Fortnightly Review." London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

Mr. Bagehot appears to us very successful, so far as he has chosen to enter on the subject. There are objections to Cabinet government which he does not notice, and in a volume of desultory remarks this is unavoidable. If any one chooses to maintain that the Presidential government of the United States, in the form in which we every day witness it going through some new stage of collapse, is a better form of government than the English system, he will find his theory satisfactorily upset in Mr. Bagehot's volume. But there are other objections to Cabinet government—objections founded on its helplessness, its waste of time, its tendency to make a nation think of words rather than things—which Mr. Bagehot does not meet. Probably he could have met them if he had tried, for he could have shown that every system of government is only a choice of evils; but he has not done so, and we must not speak of a partial work as of a complete one. Mr. Bagehot in one passage gives an intimation that the purpose has crossed his mind of writing a much more serious, elaborate, and exhaustive treatise, and we can only hope that his purpose may not fade away.

With good constituencies and a good House of Commons a good Cabinet may be formed; but is there nothing else needed? Must there also be a House of Lords and a Sovereign? No part of this volume is better than that in which a description is given of the House of Lords as it exists at the present day, and of the causes which have made and make it inferior to the House of Commons. None of Mr. Bagehot's remarks seem to us to surpass in acuteness and justice that in which he ascribes this inferiority to the circumstance that, as the House of Lords is avowedly founded on the claims of wealth and aristocracy, it must measure its members by a standard apart from that of personal eminence in its own assembly. A great lord is a great lord, even if he is a silent fool, whereas in the Commons a member is great because he is personally qualified to lead, and because the nation supports him in his position. That it would be quite possible to do without a second Chamber which is always subordinate, may be considered theoretically arguable, even although the House of Lords is practically so useful in many ways. But must there be a Sovereign in order that Cabinet government may exist? This is the really important question. Let us allow that it is a question of no importance in the England of this century. But Sovereigns that can command real respect while they do not govern are hard to find, and are very precious treasures when they are found. No one can doubt that the tendency of things everywhere is to democracy, and can a democracy be governed by a Cabinet? Mr. Bagehot only goes a short way into this abstruse speculation, but so far as he goes he leads us to suppose that he inclines to the view that a system of Cabinet government may subsist without a Sovereign. He says that a Sovereign intervenes either in the formation of a Ministry, or during its continuance, or at its end. At each of these stages a good, wise, experienced, constitutional Sovereign is most useful. A Sovereign can sometimes help Parliament to choose the right Premier; and when the Premier has been chosen, the Sovereign who has outlasted a dozen Ministries can bring the wisdom of many years and of an impartial position to bear, and can often save the Premier from blunders. The Sovereign can help the Premier to decide between resignation and dissolution, and on very rare occasions can dismiss a Premier, and appeal to the nation against the House of Commons by which the dismissed Premier may be supported. All this can be done by a wise, business-like, prudent Sovereign; but what ground is there to suppose that such a Sovereign will be found? A silly, ignorant, idle Sovereign can neither help in making nor unmaking Ministers, and is of no use to Ministers while in office. Most Sovereigns are more or less idle, silly, and ignorant, and therefore most Sovereigns are practically useless. This is quite true so far as it goes. If we can fancy everything else going on as it does under a monarchy, we can fancy a Premier forming his Cabinet without taking the trouble to communicate the list to such a King as George II.; we can fancy, as George II. fancied, that the Cabinet could get on without the benefit of his enlightened counsel; we can fancy the Cabinet going out, and another Cabinet coming in, without kissing of hands and delivery of seals. But this takes us but a very little way into a great subject. If a good Parliament chooses and supports a good Cabinet, the Sovereign may in some future age be seen to be a superfluity. But the difficulty is to get a good Parliament—a Parliament not only well chosen, but rightly occupied; and it is obvious that, if the feelings and the habits of the nation are changed, and the passion for equality prevails, not only will a different set of men be elected, but the functions exercised by Parliament will be different.

THE SORROWS OF HYPSPYLE.*

JASON was one of the earliest sea-captains on record, if indeed the *Argo* was not the first of ships; and it is curious how his history gives colour to the charge which has been brought against Jacks-a-shore in all time, that they take a wife at every port they touch at. Mythological compendiums tell us that the leader of the Argonautic expedition "married Medea, and afterwards Creusa," but they ignore "the girl he left behind him" in Lemnos before he set eyes on the Colchian sorceress, and the share which his roving pro-

pensities had in the sorrows of Hypsipyle. Yet perhaps no hazard run by this redoubted captain and crew was more formidable than that with which their delay at Lemnos is associated; for it was no slight risk to wed a race of termagants, whose summary murder of their first husbands, for supposed infidelity, had brought on their island the stigma of the "Lemnian tragedy." Hypsipyle's sorrows arose in great part out of her being of less stern stuff than her Lemnian co-mates and subjects; and the very dramatic features of her story, as found in Hyginus, Apollodorus, Apollonius Rhodius, and Ovid, have been felicitously caught and shadowed forth in a graceful dramatic study by Mr. Thomas Ashe, whose skill in laying hold of the rare beauties of classic fable, and clothing them in a refined and simple English dress, has already been creditably manifested in his *Pictures* and other poems. In no former attempt, to our thinking, has he so well realized his classical ideal—an ideal which it is a satisfaction to know that more than one or two of our younger school of poets are making vigorous efforts to attain. In construction, in plot, in portraiture of character, Mr. Ashe has adhered to the classic form, proving thereby at once the accuracy of his own taste and the inimitable excellence of his model. He has not, it is true, allowed himself to be tied down to the minutiae of tradition, which made Hypsipyle the mother of twins by Jason; whereas, for the purposes of his drama, it has suited Mr. Ashe to accord her only one pledge of her rover's love. He has taken leave, too, to dispose of her father, Thoas, somewhat differently from Apollodorus and Hyginus; but readers will have no right to complain of this, since otherwise they would have lost a closing scene of great beauty. He has regarded dramatic probabilities, we are bound to say, a great deal more than Ovid did; for, rightly deeming that his heroine had her full share of sorrows, without having to suffer any pangs of jealousy, he has represented her as ignorant to the last of Jason's after-career, which indeed she was pretty sure to have been, as strangers were likely to find the Lemnian ladies far too inhospitable to touch often at their shores. Not so Ovid, however, who, to point an antithesis in his epistle (*Hypsipyle Jasoni*, vi. 135), makes the deserted queen write thus to her bigamous husband in depreciation of Medea:—

Prodidit illa patrem : rapui de cæde Thoanta;
Deseruit patriam : me mea Lemnos habet—

a couplet which supposes the Queen of Lemnos to have been "posted up" in the history of Jason's intrigues, to an extent inconsistent with any theory save that of first-rate postal arrangements.

The plot given us is simple enough. The time selected is when, unknown to all the Lemnian women save the Queen, the fifty Argonauts are ripe for a stealthy departure from the island where love has held them too long in dalliance. Hypsipyle, herself both less and more of the woman than her impetuous subjects, consents to part with her spouse (whose plans she has discovered) on condition that he will take with him her aged sire, whom she had rescued aforetime by means of a secret passage from the utter massacre of Lemnian males, and whom she had till now given out to be dead, but fears to conceal much longer at Heræ's temple, in the bay. Weighing a daughter's feelings against a wife's, she deprives herself in one day of husband and father, and clings to her sole stay, her little Euneus. But her infant is not long left to solace her, for the Lemnian viragoes, made aware by a spy of her treachery in sparing Thoas and concealing the flight of the Argonauts, set fire to her palace, tear the child in pieces, and leave her for dead amid the crashing rafters. This is the drama's culminating point. The scene of its latter half is Heræ's temple and the surrounding shore. In the temple-precincts Hypsipyle is being nursed through a fever and delirium by the kind priestesses. Her gradual return to consciousness, her realization of her child's loss, and the dread that now steals over her lest Jason should return and miss him, disenchanting her as it does of her fondest day-dream, are touchingly pictured. Slowly wasting and fading away—

While oft she sits, beneath the porch, at noon,
Watching the smooth-wing'd swallows go and come;
Hearing the waves' soft rippling, vague and strange;

and looking for

Those two kind fostering leeches, sun and wind,
To bring her health;

she strays one day down to the shore, sees a sail passing the island, unmoors a little skiff from the beach, and trusts herself to it in the hope to reach the vessel. A sudden storm upsets the frail boat, and the same storm hardly suffers Thoas and Iphicles to get from the ship to land in quest of Hypsipyle. They are recognised by the priestesses, and led to where these have laid out the sea-washed corpse of her who has sorrowed her last sorrow. The Lear-like death of the lorn, white-haired king over his daughter's corpse is a very fitting *dénouement*.

This brief sketch will serve to show the capabilities of the subject chosen by Mr. Ashe, but can convey no idea of the grace, tenderness, self-repression, and general finish with which he treats it. As we have before said, one of the charms of the poem is its classic moulding. In the first scene we might fancy ourselves transported into a Euripidean prologue, where Hypsipyle prologizes, so to speak, after the fashion of that dramatist. Comic writers might decry the fashion of telling the plot thus to the audience, but it had its advantages; and in this case we are sure no reader can complain of the device which sets out in one view the fourfold

* *The Sorrows of Hypsipyle*. By Thomas Ashe, Author of "Pictures," and other Poems. London: Bell & Daldy. 1867.

troubles of the heroine, as queen of a god-hated intractable race of women, wife of a restless hero, daughter of a sire and mother of a son equally in need of protection. The prologue makes her own her strength and weakness, her love which in desperation could not be cruel, and her sound casuistry which led her to prefer perjury to parricide:—

Holding to kill thee with an impious hand
A thing more loathsome than an oath foresworn.

Scarcely any passage in the poem is more pathetic than that in the prologue which declares Hypsipyle's experience how "unhappy is the head that wears a crown":—

And yet, ah! yet, what yield ye, at the best,
Who crown me, if the sweetly-chanting doves
Of home-nursed bliss abide not in the halls?
And mother's caecilon, and a matron's joys,
In dew-fresh children and her lord's fond eyes?
O vainly crown'd! not even a queen can bid
Sorrow to flee, nor bind the cloud-soft wings
Of beauteous Love, sweet Love! Alas! my soul!
For all the god-sent largess of the heavens!
Who in his mind would wish for it, or call
It evil or well? For they have given to me
A tender heart, but many griefs with it;
And intricate duties, but no iron will.

These last lines supply, we conceive, the key to the heroine's character, though perhaps that which she hesitates to pronounce "evil or well" is meant by the author to constitute the crowning excellence of her womanhood. It comes out in a hundred passages conformably to this interpretation; and, had all the rest of the *dramatis personæ* been as stocklike as actors in a country theatre when playing to a star from the metropolis, Mr. Ashe's Hypsipyle would have stood forth a fine creation, and vindicated his talent in delineating character. But there are no sticks, no walking gentlemen, in this drama. If Jason talks like the ready-witted man of action, a little selfish, a little alive to the embarrassments which woman's love places in the way of a life of adventure, yet withal he is not wanting in bluff good-nature, in a sort of generosity, or in a sense of obligation to the wife he is going to desert. When, upon his promise to grant her aught that she may ask in proof of his love, she takes him at his word, his ingenuous "aside,"

What would she now?

What will the woman ask? I was a fool,

is very characteristic; as is also his soliloquy at the end of the same scene, when he learns that he is to convey away in the *Argo* the aged Thoas:—

The old man will prove a trouble: he shall find
A sheltering nook ere long. The old should die;
Whose flickering light grows dark, whose trembling hand
Forgets to grasp the glittering oar or spear.

This ethical fitness is preserved too in the fifth scene, which introduces us to the heroes on board, only waiting the old man's coming to weigh anchor. True to his character, Heracles chides delay, and grumbles at the three springs which he has wasted:—

Guarding the ship, and eating out my heart.
I would not set a foot upon the shore,
To be mad women's laughter and their thrall!

"No!" rejoins Castor, mischievously, hinting that the hero had too much of that "in the days of old." True to the character of bard and prophet, Orpheus and Idmon in the same scene deprecate departure from their plighted word about taking the old man. Orpheus says:—

Worse ill the bond of honourable men
Should be dishonoured for a paltry gain;
If it be gain to be dishonourable.
'Twere better that the morning star grow pale
Than sun-bright honour, and truth's sacred light.

We might be listening to the accents of Amphiarus in the "Seven against Thebes," when we read the bard's denunciation of lying lips and a deceitful tongue. Not to dwell too long on this feature, we will only notice its telling appearance in the speech of the first Lemnian woman in p. 58, who, in unfolding to her comrades her espial of the departure of the Argonauts, fastens this trait upon her own *ci-devant* husband, the pilot Tiphys:—

"Went he not with the crew? I heard him laugh,
By no means mournfully, when he beheld
The sharp prow fret the baffled waves to foam."

This character-drawing is well calculated to impart to the poem a classic tone and style, and to infuse into it something of the spirit of ancient drama.

Not less so, perhaps, is the function which Mr. Ashe assigns to his chorus. This consists of Nereids, who, in conformity with the Sophoclean type of that element of a Greek play, keep their lyrical outpourings to the point of the matter in hand, and, connecting themselves with events as they pass, interpret or supplement the action of the piece. The first chorus, for example, narrates the past history and prophesies the future fate of the good ship *Argo* and her crew, in strophes of no small lyrical merit. The intermediate ode, composing the first scene of the second part, is somewhat sad and misanthropic in its tone, but its rhythm and melody show a remarkable power over numbers, and there is great effectiveness in the three-line anapestic strains. More congenial, however, than the Nereids' tale how

In every urn the partial Hours
Mingle blossoms of poison-flowers,
And some for pleasure, and some for pain,

is an excerpt from the last chorus, which recounts, as it happens before the Nereids' eyes, the end of Hypsipyle:—

Like a river under ground,
Hears she not the winds grow loud?
How they mutter, sisters—hark!
With a vague mysterious sound!
With the elemental strife
Red light quivers in the cloud;
While the heavens are still and dark.
She hath trusted her sweet life
Madly to so frail a bark.

She is drifting, away, away!
They will not see her!—woe, the day!
Foam-born sisters, whose green hair
Shines with many an amber gem;
She was true as she was fair:
Mortals took of her no care;—
Made too exquisite for them.

She will weep and sigh no more.
Lay the body on the brink
Of their brook; and they will think,
While their breasts with anguish bleed,
Like a wreck, or like a weed,
Waves have toss'd her on the shore.

These are exquisite lyrics; and, in truth, it would be easy to cull from any scene of the *Sorrows of Hypsipyle* as fair a garland as this, or as any that recent English poetry has offered to gatherers. We have quoted the Nereids' version of Hypsipyle's death. Let us add the blank verses in which the priestess Heliodora tells the same sad tale, and we have done:—

The sudden storm o'ertook her, as we think,
Wandering, her mind perplex'd, upon the shore.
For on the beach they found her, like a pearl,
Unpriz'd. The ruthless-hearted, hungry sea
Must stealthily have seized her, and engulf'd
Her helpless beauty in his briny wave;
Then cast her, weary of the lifeless toy,
Upon the foam-besprinkled margin again.
As yet, as yet, we have not combed away
The yellow sand from her long locks adrip.

There is not here a word, or epithet, in excess. Indeed the whole of this beautiful poem gives an impression of a style formed from the best modern and the best ancient examples. Mr. Ashe cannot do better than pursue these his "classical studies." With the author of *Philoctetes*, a very promising minstrel of kindred themes, he bids fair to win the ear of an age which is daily inclining more and more to a reaction in favour of ancient models.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.*

THIS is one of a numerous class of novels which taxes the ingenuity and the patience of the critic. It is not very bad, and not very good; it belongs to no extreme school, and, in short, is merely one of those products which the industry of our novelists turns out in truly surprising abundance. Indeed, novel-writing has become so much a branch of the regular manufactures of the country that we have often thought that it is time to apply the principle of division of labour. The plots might be furnished by one writer, and the characters by another; some authors might devote themselves to devising unimpeachable heroes, others perhaps to the declarations of love, and others again might undertake, as has been frequently suggested, the superintendence of the legal part of the machinery. By this means the really great artists would be spared a vast deal of tiresome routine, and, like some eminent painters, might leave the filling in of details and backgrounds to their pupils or to humbler brethren. But the greatest blessing of the scheme would be that fifth-rate writers, instead of attempting tasks for which they are manifestly unfit, would pursue a humbler but far more useful career than is at present open to their energies. As matters go at present, we are compelled to find fault with many harmless and industrious persons merely for bringing themselves into comparison with their superiors. Critics are sometimes accused of being too hard upon inoffensive writers, but those who complain should remember the temptation to which our present system exposes reviewers. They not only have to wade through a quantity of trash which, if at first merely insipid, soon ends by producing the same sort of disgust as immoderate potations of milk or small beer or other inferior drinks; but they have to give some sort of judgment upon the result. Now it is extremely easy to abuse a dull author, and very hard to praise him. To do the first, it is only necessary to compare him mentally with some of the great writers with whom he comes into involuntary comparison, and to point out the difference—his colourless characters, his stupid plot, and his commonplace scenery; whereas to praise with any effect it is necessary to get up some degree of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm can scarcely be generated by the contemplation of merely negative virtues. Hence, the temptation to take the line which is at once easy and promises revenge for the sufferings of the weary reader is frequently irresistible. On the present occasion we will endeavour to be fair and just, but it is impossible to undertake that no sense of injury shall give a tinge of bitterness to our remarks.

Joyce Dormer's Story, then, is perfectly harmless; not merely may it be read in the most respectable circles without the faintest shock to their propriety, but it is even, to the properly prepared mind, rather amusing than otherwise. Of the story we shall have

* *Joyce Dormer's Story*. 2 vols. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co. 1867.

to speak directly; but we may say at once that it has been constructed with a certain care, and that every now and then we become rather interested in its perusal. Moreover, the style is grammatical, and there is little or no affectation. The moral, so far as there is a moral, is unexceptionable; every now and then there are bits of sentiment which, if not very original or very profound, are gracefully expressed; and the general tone, though decidedly melancholy, shows a certain sensibility. And, finally, it is in two volumes, for which, although it might have been in one, we are decidedly grateful when we think that it might also have been in three. Having bestowed such commendation as we conscientiously can, we will proceed, not exactly to find fault, but to give a little well-meant advice to the author. Miss Goddard can write well enough to do decidedly better, if she would only spend her efforts upon those parts which she can do best. Unfortunately she has constructed a plot which seems to occupy her attention far more than it deserves, whilst she leaves the persons of her story comparatively undeveloped. A simpler plot, with more pains given to the characters, would in our opinion have shown her powers to much greater advantage. She ought to remember that, till we take some kind of interest in people, we are indifferent as to the most complex series of intrigues by which their prospects in life may be affected; and, the greater the complication, the less willing we are to take the pains to unravel it. *Joyce Dormer's Story* may be described as a set of elaborate variations upon the theme furnished by *Enoch Arden*. A gentleman marries a lady privately, and goes out to Australia. She follows with their infant child a short time afterwards. He is meanwhile supposed to be killed by savages on an expedition. She is supposed to be lost in the ship in which she has taken her passage. He turns up again, and, hearing that she is dead, goes out to South America, marries a beautiful Spanish lady, and makes a fortune. She turns up again, and, hearing that he is dead, gets a living by making lace in England, and brings up an infant child. She does not reveal herself on discovering that her husband is alive, because his second marriage would make such a course extremely disagreeable; but at last, on her deathbed, she commends the girl now grown up to the care of her husband. Now the husband naturally supposes this girl to be his daughter, as indeed the young woman supposes herself; but, by an extraordinary set of circumstances, she is not his daughter, who died as an infant, but another infant whom his wife accidentally picked up. One person is aware of these circumstances—namely, the brother of the wife. He cherishes, for various reasons, a diabolical hatred to his sister's husband, and elaborately plots a cruel revenge. The revenge is that he conceals the fact that the young lady is not his sister's daughter, and allows his brother-in-law to receive her as heir to his wealth. Unluckily for him, the brother-in-law is very much obliged to him, and not at all sorry that an amiable and beautiful girl is his daughter; consequently the diabolical revenge misses fire, and the avenger takes to his bed and dies, vainly struggling to tell the truth of the matter. Here, then, we have already got a gentleman who is supposed to be dead, and supposes his wife to be dead, when both are alive; and a lady who is supposed to be dead, being really alive; and a lady who is supposed to be alive, and has really been dead for many years. As if this story was not sufficiently complex, it is told by a third person who is only connected with it after a very indirect fashion, and who begins to tell it as it gradually becomes unravelled many years after the principal events have happened; and it is in this young lady's love story, which again has not much to do with the other intrigues, that we are supposed to be principally interested. And further, as if this were not enough, the story is partly told in the third person, according to the common style, partly by Miss Joyce Dormer's diary, partly by a set of papers left by the deserted wife, and partly by the rather odd expedient of relating the dreams of various persons, which is a substitute for the stage device of soliloquies.

That this is cumbrous and artificial to the last degree need hardly be said, and the chief wonder is that the story comes out on the whole so successfully as it does. Many of the results, however, are very unfortunate. Thus it is difficult to secure in so complicated a story that all the actors shall do, as a natural result of their disposition, what they are bound to do in order to carry out the author's designs for the plot. It becomes necessary to invent very arbitrary devices, or to make them take very queer whims into their heads, in order to get the different pieces into their proper positions on the board. Thus, for example, any ordinary young lady who had been brought up first in poverty, and afterwards as a dependent of a disagreeable uncle, would be very much pleased on discovering that she was the daughter of a rich gentleman of whom she was already very fond. But this would interfere with the proper working of the story. Consequently, in defiance of all probability, she is made to run away as soon as the truth is revealed to her, and to take refuge with an old friend who is introduced for the purpose. To be amused by a story, it is not absolutely necessary that we should have much belief in the reality of the actors; the ingenuity with which it is put together may give it an interest, although not an interest of a very elevated kind. But when we find that the persons act from no accountable impulse except a desire to suit the convenience of the writer, the shock to our belief is rather too great; we feel that they are mere automatons, and bungling automatons into the bargain; the hand by which they are being manipulated reveals itself a trifle too conspicuously. But our greatest complaint is, not

that the author has undertaken a story to the management of which she is palpably unequal, but that, in undertaking it at all, she has distrusted her best powers and encumbered herself with a mass of irrelevant material. If she had proper confidence in herself she would have relied upon the main situation of the book. Miss Joyce Dormer—for the ambiguous name belongs to a lady—is in love with a gentleman, but suppresses her own feelings and her natural jealousy in order to help another lady to whom she supposes him to be engaged. Her perplexities and mental struggles are often treated with a good deal of ability; and if the story had been confined to this, and the necessary details treated with appropriate delicacy of touch, we might have been able sincerely to praise Miss Goddard's work. Unluckily, we are bothered by an irrelevant set of muddles connected with the *Enoch Arden* story, and, what is even worse, we have occasional actors introduced, apparently in the hope of enlivening the story, who are simply a nuisance. There is a comic vulgar man, who is apparently about to reveal a tremendous secret, but whose efforts come simply to nothing; and, still worse, a Mrs. Letheby, who is a feeble imitation of the aunts in the *Mill on the Floss*, who does another dreary bit of facetiousness. In the next novel which Miss Goddard writes we should recommend her to have more confidence in her own powers, and to avoid these excursions into regions where she has many rivals and, we must add, not very many inferiors. She may then give us a satisfactory novel of the domestic kind, unencumbered with a farrago which at times is next door to nonsensical.

NATIONAL MANUSCRIPTS.—VOL. II.*

THE date of this volume in the title-page is 1865, but the date attached to the preface is July 16th, 1866. Its contents will probably be more generally attractive than those of the first volume. It would be unfair to say that their historic interest is less than that of the first volume, but it is of an altogether different kind. In the early documents, as they appear to a true student of history, almost every jot and tittle has a sort of intrinsic value. The most insignificant name, the slightest variety of expression, may illustrate something or other of which the ordinary reader, and even the ordinary editor, never dreams. But their personal interest is comparatively small. Every word of the three lines of William's grant to Deorman is of value for the history of the eleventh century. Every word, if it does not actually prove anything new, confirms something which it is desirable to have confirmed. But the writ gives us no picture of William personally; he simply signs his mark at the end of a document whose chief value is that it departs so little from the form of earlier ones. As for Deorman, we rejoice with him on his getting his land back again when so many people lost theirs for ever. If poetically minded, we may compare Deorman to Virgil in his first eclogue. Still we know nothing and care nothing about him personally; he is simply the *corpus vile* which we use to illustrate certain general positions as to the condition of England. But with documents of the sixteenth century, the interest is of quite another kind. It is quite impossible that, taking word for word and letter for letter, they can yield the same information as the earlier ones. But the reason for this is that our knowledge about the sixteenth century is so much fuller than our knowledge of the eleventh. The sort of information which we dig word for word out of a writ of William the Conqueror, we have already about Henry the Eighth, or, if we have it not, we get at it by quite different processes. We have in the later time a mass of letters and papers setting events and persons before us in so full and clear a light that the sort of investigation which is so needful—we may add so charming—in the earlier time is no longer wanted. Historical students look at these later papers with a different kind of interest, and many take an interest in them who take no interest at all in the others. In the sixteenth century, almost everybody knows at least the names of the chief actors, and a certain satisfaction, however languid, is awakened by the sight of their actual handwriting or its facsimile. A cross traced by the hand of William the Conqueror raises a sort of mysterious awe; a holograph letter of Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth brings us a great deal nearer to its authors. The papers in this volume are so judiciously selected that most of them, besides this sort of personal interest, are of direct historical value. There is, for instance, Bishop Ruthall's minute account of the battle of Flodden, and Ottwell Johnson's account of the beheading of Katharine Howard. One would give a good deal for an autograph letter of a citizen of Winchester describing the execution of Walthoef two days after the event. These documents too have another advantage for the ordinary reader, that most of them are in English, and that the English of the sixteenth century, with all its queer and inconsistent spelling, is still perfectly intelligible to everybody. The modern printing on the opposite page is merely a guide to the ancient facsimile on the other side. And we may add that in no earlier period is the modern printing so necessary. There is undoubtedly a wide difference between one handwriting and another; still, as a rule, handwriting gets more and more unintelligible till a happy change comes in the course of the seventeenth century. One difference of

* Facsimiles of National Manuscripts from William the Conqueror to Queen Anne, selected under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and photostencilled by command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria by Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E. Part II. Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton: 1865.

course is that we now have so many more private letters, and the handwriting of the private man is naturally more illegible than that of the professional scribe. Add also that foreign writing, the Italian hand at least, is so much more intelligible than English. Gustavus of Sweden, Henry of France, above all Cosmo of Florence, write so as to be read by anybody. So, by the way, do the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth, probably as a sign of their learned training. The difference is much the same as exists now in Germany. A German will still persist in writing his own language in that incomprehensible hand which school-girls are taught to look on as a distinct alphabet, while, if he has occasion to make an extract in Latin, English, or French, he will write it in a hand to be understood over all Europe.

One cannot turn a page of this volume without lighting on something which is interesting, and more than interesting, in more ways than one. We open the volume at a shot, and we find a letter written to Henry the Eighth in 1529 by his sister Margaret. She writes in a piebald sort of dialect, between southern and northern English, which is perhaps becoming in the daughter of a King of England married young to a King of Scots. Over the page we have, in the same year, Anne Boleyn writing to Stephen Gardiner by the name of "Master Stephyns," thanking him for his services—in the matter of striving to get rid of her predecessor—and sending cramp-rings to him and two others. Then comes the petition of John Lucas to the King praying that John Dudalle might restore a book of Lucas's, which book we should greatly like to see, as it contained

Glanvylles workes withe dyverse olde monymentes, as Saynt Edwardes lawes, the Dane lawe, the West Saxene lawe, the Marchen lawe, Magna Carta dyversed by Kyng Johne, the Chartre of Kyng Henry the First, the observynge of the testament of Wylliam Conquerour by Kyng Wylliam Rufus, diverse other olde Statutes, the chaunging and transieryng of the Sees of Bysshoppes in olde tyme, diverse auneynt storyes of Kyng Kanutus and other Kinges, withe other notable thinges of lernyng.

And for the mooste part of the contentes in the said booke, they were nat unwrytene eyns Kyng Henry the Thyrdie his tyme.

Over No. XXIV. we must be allowed a laugh. King Harry's "most humble bedismane and chaplain, Thomas Cantuar," on May 17th, 1533, advertises His Highness that "his Gracys grete matier is now brought to a final sentence." It is not usual for a judge to write to one party to a suit, telling him that he is going to give judgment in his "grete matier," and implying that such judgment was not likely to be disagreeable to his correspondent. But of course between such parties there could be no collusion, no shadow of partiality. The course of justice was as pure in this "matier" as in his Grace's other "grete matier," when orders were sent to try and execute the Abbot of Glastonbury. For the Archbishop goes on to say, "at whiche tyme I trust so to endeavour myself further in this behalfe as shall becom me to doo, to the pleasure of Almighty God and the mere treuthe of the matier." Next follows, very appropriately, a letter from Lord Mountjoy to Cromwell, setting forth how the King's orders were set at nought, inasmuch as "the Princeas Dowager" persisted in claiming the title of Queen, and actually received it from those around her. Lord Mountjoy is duly shocked, as became a loyal subject; at the same time he shows an amount of right feeling hardly to have been looked for in a courtier of Henry the Eighth.

These thynges consydyred, I suppose hit shalle not be welles possible for me to be a reformer of folkes tongues in this matter. And for me to be a complayner and accuser of thene, whiche, as I verily do thynke, bere their trewe hertes servyce and allegyaunce to the Kinges Grace, hit is not my parte, nor for me this ofense to vex or unquyet her whom the Kinges Grace cawsed to be sworne unto and truly to serve her to my power; she keepyng herself trewe unto the Kyng as I knowe noone other.

He therefore prays to be discharged from his room of Chamberlain and to be allowed to serve his Grace in some other way. Soon after comes, with all its interlineations, the draft of the declaration (1535) by which Francis the First was to pledge himself to maintain the marriage of Henry and Anne. Here is one of the cases in which we suffer from the system of English translation. The document is in French, in characters which none but a professed paleographer can be expected to read, and it is full of corrections and erasures. What is wanted is a legible reproduction of the French text. It is really a mockery to give us instead an English translation with the insertions and erasures all reproduced in English. But, above all things, Mr. Sanders will do well to beware of Greek. No. LXIV. is a Greek letter addressed to Lady Jane Grey by one of the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, most likely Mildred, afterwards wife of the first Cecil. The letter begins in plain words enough:—*εἰ καὶ ἰνῶς τῶν πάλαι συγγραφεῶν καὶ θεολόγων ὀρίσθησιν, ὡς ὑγιεινὰ καὶ ἰσχυρὰ φιλάτῃ, κ.τ.λ.* In Mr. Sanders's hands this becomes, "Although I am well acquainted with certain of the ancient authors well educated and learned in divine things (oh! most high born and to me most dear one)", &c. We cannot see what there is in the Greek about "well educated," or why so many words should be taken to express *εὐλόγων*. But the most grotesque thing is the simple Greek *ὡς* changed, in Mr. Sanders's English, into the sensational "oh!" The latter is in English commonly an outcry of pain. Does Mr. Sanders think that Demosthenes shrieked in agony every time he addressed the court as *ὦ ἀνδρες*?

So a little time before there is (No. LVIII.) a letter from Sir Richard Morysine to Sir William Cecil in which the writer thinks proper to cast part of his thoughts into Greek. Sir Richard's Greek, allowing for a few contractions and antiquated forms, is perfectly legible, and, though he commonly dispenses with accents, yet those which he does put in are right. To write *τάς*

for *τάς* may just as likely be a different usage as a mistake, and though we must confess that Sir Richard leaves out his iota subscript in the word *τάς*, we believe he could quote certain ancient manuscripts and grammarians on his side. With these allowances the following is, as far as writing goes, an unobjectionable piece of Greek—

ἐν τῷ τὰς τῶν βουλευτῶν ψυχὰς παρασκευῇν.

We do not, indeed, pledge ourselves to the verb *παρασκευῇν*, but so it is certainly written. But Sir Richard used a form of *χ* which has shorter legs than that now in use, and he expresses his *σε* and his *α* by familiar contractions. These, however, Mr. Sanders could not read, and he changes *ψυχὰς παρασκευῇν* into *ψυχὰς παρακενῇν*. Now, if *παρασκευῇν* be a somewhat strange verb, we submit that *παρακενῇ* is a noun stranger still. So presently Mr. Sanders cannot read the common contraction *αἰ* for *καὶ* but turns it into *σι*; *ιτ* with a contraction becomes *ισ*, and the proper name *εαννης*, written, with a peculiar *η* like the capital, *εαννης*, is changed into *εαννης*. False accents are of course scattered about at random.

In No. XXXI. we have a letter of Latimer, with the odd signature "H. L. B. of Wurcestere," rejoicing, in a strain equally odd, over the birth of Edward the Sixth. His piety takes the shape of a sort of fetishism, reminding us of the times when there were Gods of the hills who were not Gods of the valleys.

Gode gyffe us alle grace, to yelde dew thanks to our Lorde Gode, Gode of Inglonde, for verely He hath shoyd Hym self Gode of Inglonde, or rather an Inglyssh Gode, yf we consydyr and pondyr welle alle Hys proceedynges with us from tyme to tyme. He hath overcumme alle our yllnesse with Hys excedyng goodnesse, so that we ar now moor then compellyd to serve Hym, seke Hys glory, promote Hys wurde, yf the Devylle of alle Devylles be natt in us.

Presently we have a letter from Gustavus of Sweden to Protector Somerset. The heading is in some respects odd.

Gustavus, Dei gratiâ, Suetiæ, Gothorum, Wandalorum, &c., Rex, potentissimè et serenissimè Francorum Angliæ Hyberniæ Infantis illustrissimè Protectori.

This Mr. Sanders transcribes:—

GUSTAVUS, by the Grace of God, of Sweden, Gothland, and the Vandals, &c., King, to the most illustrious Protector of the most puissant and serene Prince of the Franks of England and Ireland.

Doubtless the Goths of whom Gustavus was king are the Goths of Gothland; but it is odd to disturb the family title of King of the Goths and Vandals. Then the curious and Spanish-sounding title of "Infans," reminding us of "Eadgar cild" in earlier times, is lost in the vague word "Prince"; and it is Mr. Sanders, and not King Gustavus, who is answerable for quartering Franks both in England and Ireland. It is very odd that Gustavus should put France first and use the national form "Francorum," instead of the territorial "Franciæ"—"Francorum" being commonly used by the French King and "Franciæ" universally by the English pretender; but it is plain that he means nothing in the world but the familiar "England, France, and Ireland."

No. XLIV. is the Death Warrant of Thomas Lord Seymour, whose death is so calmly noticed in his nephew's diary. Here is the passage in which the sentence for high treason is commuted to simple beheading:—

Forsenye alwey that noo other execution of dethe be executed to the saide Lord Seymour but only to cause his heade to be smytten of frome his bodye and for the resydue of thexecucions of dethe appoynted by thorder of Oure saide lawes, We do remytte and discharge.

In LIX. we may stop to explain that "Mary Queen Regent of Flanders," as Mr. Sanders calls her, does not mean that there ever was a King of Flanders; the person meant is Charles the Fifth's sister, Mary Queen Dowager of Hungary and Governness (as she is commonly called) of the Netherlands. By the way, Mr. Sanders, in his Preface, has a most extraordinary fact to communicate about the famous Prince whom he here just incidentally mentions: "Charles I. King of Spain was declared Emperor by the title of *Charles Quint*." What language does Mr. Sanders conceive to have been used by the Electors of the Holy Roman Empire?

Lastly, we have to thank Mr. Hardy for letting us see face to face an old friend whom we have hitherto known as it were only through a veil. This is a letter from Sir William Pickering to Sir William Cecil, bearing date October 2, 1552. Do our readers remember Mr. Froude's choicest and most precious of blunders at the 454th page of the fifth volume? Do they remember how in the text the French were confident in "the special gifts by which they held the stars"? how in the note this was explained to be "the precious ointment of St. Ampull . . . through whose virtue also the King held *les estoilles*." It was no great cleverness on our part* to correct, without seeing the manuscript, Mr. Froude's nonsense into "healed *les escrouelles*." And now here is the manuscript before us:—

The precious oymntment saint ampulle . . . thorow whos vertu also the Kinges heale *les escrouilles*.

Among other points of curiosity, the character of Sir William Pickering is cleared up. Sir William uses somewhat of a jargon of French and English, but he wrote "the precious oymntment saint ampulle," being perfectly conscious that "saint ampulle" was a bottle. But Mr. Froude took the bottle for a man, decked him with capitals as "St. Ampull," and as he could no longer well

stand in opposition to ointment, he put in an "of" of which there is no trace in the manuscript. By some legerdemain the King's Evil became a star, and so "heale," though written with decent distinctness in the manuscript, must become "held" to make some shadow of sense. We thus get the magnificent conception of the French "holding the stars," and the most distinct proof that Mr. Froude never heard of the legend of Clovis and Remigius. Again we return Mr. Hardy our best thanks.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.*

IN France, where the influence of women has always been exceptionally great, whether as regards the manners, the literature, or the politics of any epoch, the *salon* has at all times had a place approaching that of a national institution. Be it by dint of intellect, wit, skill and vivacity in intrigue, or even sheer beauty of person, it is hard to name a period on which some female leader of society or other has failed to set her mark. With all its changes, the Revolution could only so far modify this traditional feature of French life as to open the doors of the *salon* to queens of another order. Nor did the women of the new era fall short of the occasion. In the freer play of intellect and action that followed upon the relaxation of etiquette, there was even much to make up for any loss in the more stilted or aristocratic graces of the *vieille cour*. The brief but bright career of Madame Roland was followed by the still more transient yet brilliant sway of Madame Tallien. The interval between the setting of the star of Notre Dame de Thermidor and the glittering dawn of the Empire was lit by the genius of Madame de Staël, whose enforced eclipse left in turn the firmament of Parisian society open to the ascendancy of her friend and pupil, Madame Récamier. If there was any degeneracy to be detected in the long line of female sovereignty, it was in superficial splendour only that the falling-off was to be seen. The courtly but prudish graces of the Hotel de Rambouillet, the select gatherings of the little Court at Sceaux, and the lively coteries of the Marchioness du Desfand were not unworthily represented in the quiet and unadorned parlour of the Abbaye aux Bois.

With nothing like the talents which immortalized the author of *Corinne*, Madame Récamier won herself a place of not less social influence among the men and women of her day. It is to no special gift of intellect or talent for intrigue that we are able to trace this ascendancy. The most direct and common test of intellectual power is indeed, in her case, wholly lacking. No pressure of her friends and admirers could ever prevail upon her to publish a line. Whatever impulse she might be capable of giving to the thoughts of others, a kind of constitutional reluctance restrained her from making public her own. Her friends speak in raptures of her letters, but she herself, it appears, was at pains to get them back towards the end of her life, and left orders to burn, after her death, the packet which contained them, together with certain fragmentary memoirs which she had begun to put together in her half blind state. Of all her correspondence, which was known to be voluminous, no more than a bare half-dozen scraps find a place in the biography which we owe to her niece, Madame Lenormant. Balanche, who addressed her as the muse who inspired his utterances, so far worked upon her at one time as to engage her upon a translation of Petrarch, but we do not find that she ever made any great way with it. It is surprising, indeed, how little echo has come down to us of the wit and wisdom that held her contemporaries entranced. Not an epigram of hers, scarcely a *mot* or a sally of humour or imagination from her lips, has been preserved to us. Men of the highest mark for energy and discrimination of mind held converse with her as with an oracle, yet they have put nothing on record beyond a vague and general acknowledgment of her intellect. It was not her beauty either, by itself, that lent this singular power of fascination to all that she said, for that power remained unimpaired long after she became conscious, as she used to say, that the little Savoyards no longer turned back in the streets to look at her. Nor would such elements of attraction have gone for much with her own sex; yet we know how women—clever women too—bowed to her autocracy without betraying a suspicion that anything illusory lay at the bottom of what passed for a quality of the mind. If wealth and social position, again, went any way toward establishing her early prestige, we cannot forget that her weight in society was to the full as great long after riches had made themselves wings and flown away. We must clearly look elsewhere than either to intellect, wealth, beauty, or all three combined, for the secret of that witchery which was so distinctive of Madame Récamier. From all that we learn of her, it is plain that the flame of her genius was calm and steady rather than intense. It drew its heat and light far more from the heart than from the head. And her warmth of heart was of a nature to kindle rather than to consume. There was something, we are led to infer, in her constitutional temperament which, even beyond her delicate and indefinable tact, may afford the real clue to much of her mysterious ascendancy. Love seems to have existed in her as a yearning of the soul almost entirely free from those elements of passion which are grounded in the difference of the sexes. There was in it not so much of the desire which centres in a single object, as of the emotion which seeks to diffuse itself over the very widest sphere of objects. It could thus be warm and deep, while pure and inaccessible to

evil. Sainte-Beuve's remark, that she had carried the art of friendship to perfection, helps us here to give the true key to her character. A warm and constant friend, she never admitted, never showed herself, a lover. Satisfied with the arrangement which gave her from an early age nothing more than the name and status of a wife, she could let her natural affection range with freedom and security wherever it met with a response that left intact her dignity and self-respect. Such coquetry as she showed arose rather from an instinctive desire to please and attract than from anything approaching to a vicious instinct, or a silly desire to swell the list of her conquests. What seemed to begin in flirtation never went to the point of danger, and men who at first sight loved her passionately usually ended by becoming her true friends. The nearest approach ever made by her towards a love affair was the short and romantic passage in her life when the ardent admiration of Prince Augustus of Prussia seemed to have aroused a responsive flame. But even this faint passion died away before the pathetic appeal of her husband. The child-wife could not find it in her to break off, when age and adversity had settled upon him, the platonic ties of an earlier and more prosperous day. She at once withdrew the application for a divorce. Madame Lenormant's statement of this delicate matter is such as decisively to set aside the singular supposition entertained by some that Juliette Bernard was the daughter of M. Récamier. The relation between the pair was, however, in other respects, parental and filial rather than conjugal. The banker was forty-two, and his beautiful bride but fifteen, when their marriage took place in 1793. It was not till the break-up of the Reign of Terror that society awoke to the recognition of its new queen and goddess. At eighteen she emerged from childhood into all the splendour of youth. Her beauty became the talk of Paris. Her saloons, the abode of wealth and taste, and lit with her charms and wit, were the centre of the fashionable world. A graphic account of the splendours and the personages assembled there is given by Miss Berry. The Duke de Guignes, Adrien and Matthieu de Montmorency, M. de Narbonne, Madame de Staël, Camille Jordan, and others who had returned from exile, met with Barrère, Eugène Beauharnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Masséna, Moreau, M. de la Harpe, and all the rising actors of the new régime. Lucien Buonaparte—first as Romeo, then openly under his own name—made fierce love to the beautiful but unimpressible Juliette. The First Consul she met but twice, and whatever admiration her beauty may have inspired in him seems to have been lost in jealousy of her influence. Napoleon was weak enough to give out publicly, in the *salon* of Josephine, that he should regard as his personal enemy any foreigner who frequented the house of Madame Récamier. She was, however, successful in obtaining from him, partly through Bernadotte, her father's release, when M. Bernard was compromised in the Vendéan conspiracy. One of the fragments we have from Madame Récamier's own pen gives touching incidents of her sympathy and active share in the trials of Moreau, Polignac, and George Cadoudal. In spite, however, of Napoleon's anger at her opposition, he certainly made overtures through Fouché, in the year 1805, with the view of attaching Madame Récamier to the Imperial household. Her refusal was never forgiven by him, and no doubt added weight to the motives which led, in 1811, to the decree for her exile beyond forty leagues from Paris. With the other members of the Buonaparte family she contracted a close and romantic friendship. Hortense, in every trouble and perplexity, found refuge in her sympathy and her counsels. Caroline, Madame Murat, gave her, when in exile, the warmest welcome at Naples, and a letter of the widowed queen which forms part of the present memoir speaks of the tender affection which subsisted between these two women. When in England, the beautiful Frenchwoman received the most flattering attentions from the Prince of Wales and the highest English aristocracy, as well as from the exiled Duke of Orleans and his brothers the Princes of Beaujolais and Montpensier. By the populace she was actually mobbed, like the beautiful Gummings in Kensington Gardens. The enthusiasm of Madame de Staël for the Duke of Wellington was far from being shared by Madame Récamier. If we can believe that the Duke said to her, on calling at her house the day after Waterloo, "I have given him a good beating," we may understand that dislike of Napoleon failed to qualify the disgust of a loyal Frenchwoman. Her door was thenceforth closed against the Duke's awkward overtures. A couple of notes from the hero speak more of his appreciation of female charms than of his mastery either of the language of France or of that of ordinary gallantry.

It was at the bedside of Madame de Staël that Madame Récamier made the acquaintance of Chateaubriand, and between this variously gifted pair grew up that romantic friendship which gave its chief tone to the subsequent life of each. Her friends at first trembled for her peace of mind from the contact with so tumultuous a nature. But the serene integrity and self-control of Madame Récamier became, on the contrary, the means of purifying and chastening the passionate and disordered soul of the poet. Idolized by his contemporaries, and spoiled especially by enthusiastic women, Chateaubriand had become enamoured of himself. He had sunk, like Byron, into a morbid melancholy. To dispel the clouds that obscured his genius became the mission of Madame Récamier. And the change in his temper is soon made apparent, even from the tone of his correspondence. His self-absorption is less conspicuous. His irritability is soothed. He is telling the simple truth when he writes to his devoted friend, "You have transformed my nature." From that crisis in his life the memoirs of Madame

* *Memoirs of Madame Récamier*. Translated from the French and Edited by Isaphine M. Luyster. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

Récamiér do little more than follow the vicissitudes and struggles of Chateaubriand's career. In her retreat at the Abbaye aux Bois it was for him that she toiled to keep up her hold upon society, bringing together every lion of the literary or political world, at once to do him homage and to dispel his ennui. Thither came all the young intellects of the Restoration and the monarchy of July—Benjamin Constant, Thierry, David d'Angers, Delacroix, the Ampères father and son, Pasquier, Cousin, Villemain, Montalembert. Lamartine read there his *Méditations*, and Delphine Gay recited her first verses. Sir Humphrey Davy and his wife, Maria Edgeworth, Mary Berry, and Alexander Humboldt are among those who have left memorials of their visits. It was there that, in the summer of 1829, a brilliant assemblage heard the presiding genius read his tragedy of *Moses*. In her journeys in search of health, the first thought of Madame Récamiér was how to take him with her. When that was impossible she pined with solicitude on his behalf, while her shortest absence filled him with despair. Even his wife's first eager question was, "What will be done then? What is to become of M. de Chateaubriand?" As years run on, there begins to be even something of the ludicrous in this couple of old folks alternately cosseting and complimenting each other. We almost forget the minor satellites who circled round the central glow of Madame Récamiér's friendship. Poor Ballanche himself—her faithful shadow, the "hierophant," as Chateaubriand patronizingly called him, of the little sect that gathered round her altar—seems to shrink into nothingness; while we have so long lost sight of M. Récamiér that we scarcely become sensible of the fact of his death till the decease of Madame de Chateaubriand leaves the poet free to offer his hand to the idol of his heart. "But why should we marry?" was the sensible reply of Madame Récamiér, who probably felt the ridicule that might attach to such an union. There was no impropriety in her taking care of him. Years, and the blindness that had of late been stealing over her, seemed to confer that right. For his sake indeed she twice submitted, though uselessly, to an operation for the recovery of her sight. At his bedside, on the 4th of July, 1848, her anguish was intensified by the thought that she could not see his dying looks. In losing him the mainspring of her life was gone. She could still speak of him as but momentarily absent, and at the daily hour of his visits, her niece tells us, she would still tremble with the sense of his presence. The friends were but a few months divided. The cholera, of which she had a perpetual dread, carried her off, after a short but severe struggle, on the 11th of May, 1849. All Madame Récamiér's beauty, strange to say, returned after death. There were no traces of suffering—no wrinkles, or signs of age, to mar her features. Her expression was grave and angelic. She looked like a beautiful statue. The grace and sweetness of her last sleep seemed to be the ineffaceable impress of that spirit of tenderness and love which during life had acted like a talisman upon every heart.

There is not much in the scanty and fragmentary memoirs compiled by her niece to let us into the secret workings of Madame Récamiér's mind and character. In that respect we owe perhaps more to the recollections afforded us by an intimate friend—an Englishwoman, Madame Möhl; beside the copious notices in the *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*, and the suggestive and touching sketch which forms one of the series of *Causeries de Lundi* by her friend M. Sainte-Beuve. Guizot, Lemoine, Madame d'Hautefeuille, and others who knew her well have contributed many traits of character. But the work of Madame Lenormant is fuller of details, and gives the most complete narrative of Madame Récamiér's career. The original work itself was indeed faulty in execution, the arrangement of materials confused, and the style in places rambling and obscure. In presenting it in an English dress, primarily for the sake of the American public, Mrs. Luyster has done well in rendering it more methodical and compact, without interfering with its integrity or with the individuality of its authorship.

THE CLAVERINGS.*

PEOPLE often complain that they cannot find out why it is that they like Mr. Trollope's novels so much, and are able to read so many of them without being bored. There is never very much movement in his stories. One is not excited by a violent plot, nor thrown into a pleasant meditative mood by light and subtle strokes of thought, nor strung up to an almost religious pitch of fervour by profound conceptions of human destiny and the diverse products of human effort. Perhaps there are two reasons which help to explain one's liking for Mr. Trollope's books. First, his pictures of life and manners and average human nature are exceedingly truthful, so far as they go. The author reproduces the world very much in those aspects which it wears in the eyes of most of us. It is a world where men and women play lightly at cross-purposes with one another about love and money, about sentiment and leaves and fishes; where on the whole, and in the long run, there is a very decently fair distribution of small worries and small bits of happiness; and where anybody who plays his cards as he ought to do can make sure of a competence of cash and a comfortable wife

and a thoroughly respectable position before his fellows. In the second place, Mr. Trollope always writes in earnest. He never treats his people as if they were mere puppets, nor his incidents as if they were mere dreams. They are a reality in his own mind while he writes about them; he honestly feels for them as if they were actual neighbours in the flesh; and hence he talks of love-making without any levity, and of little meannesses and small ambitions in the matter of money without any sneering, or snarling. The world of smallest things is still a serious place to Mr. Trollope. The tragic side is hidden from him, and the merely funny side he does not care to dwell upon. This simple earnestness, this plain sincerity of thought and vision, has a charm of its own which, added to the verisimilitude of his creations, is what lies at the bottom of the pleasure he gives us.

One of the most conspicuous of his characteristics is his strong belief in the general justice of things. He has a wonderful faith in respectability, and he would think ill of himself if he should write anything to make one suppose that iniquity is ever triumphant. This may be another reason why his stories are so pleasant. It is a comfort to believe that our suspicions as to the cruelty and injustice stalking around us are, after all, without foundation. In the *Claverings* this presence of the respectable god of social justice is perhaps more remarkable than in any previous book from the same hand. Everything turns out just as our belief in the general comfort of the universe requires that it should do. The heroine, one of the most charming women that even Mr. Trollope has ever drawn, in a very wicked manner marries a debauched peer for the sake of his money and his title, although she is in love all the time with a more interesting commoner, who, like the majority of interesting commoners, has only a very inadequate income. She never disguises her motives for a moment, either from herself or her lover. "Our ages by the register," she tells him, "are the same, but I am ten years older than you by the world. I have two hundred a year, and I owe at this moment six hundred pounds. You have perhaps double as much, and would lose half of that if you married. . . . Now Lord Ongar has—heaven knows what—perhaps sixty thousand a year." This is an example of Mr. Trollope's close reproduction of the actual way of the world. A novelist of the sentimental stamp would have made his heroine the heart-broken victim of cruel and rapacious parents, and very likely we should have been dreadfully moved by the young woman's sorrows. But then our emotion would have been fundamentally artificial; we should have felt that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred parents do not drive their daughters into heart-breaking matches, and then we should have been ashamed of ourselves for being accessible to such sham pathos. Mr. Trollope's Pierian spring gives no beverage which leaves a remorse of this sort, but a sober and reasonable tippie, which pleases us at the time and does not bring repentance afterwards. So we are sorry that Julia Brabazon does a wrong and a wicked thing in marrying a lord who has delirium tremens from time to time, when she was in love with a healthy commoner who had no delirium tremens; still we are sure that it was a very probable thing for such a woman to do, and we know that Mr. Trollope, as the agent of the Providence of respectable virtue, will see that she is punished just enough, and not more than enough, to vindicate the ways of society to women. Hence, though very much interested in her, we are not under the influence of any artificial and unreal excitement. We know that she is in the hands of a writer who, though a fine artist in his own sphere, is never intoxicated by art. We know that a sober and reasonable vengeance will overtake her, of the kind which would overtake her in real life. Perhaps, if anything, she escapes too lightly. But then Mr. Trollope cannot bear to think of uncomfortable severity. Now and then, in his novels, he is obliged to bring some dreadful villain to thorough ruin; but he gets over it as quickly as ever he can, simply putting the villain out of doors and begging us to think no more about him.

On the same principle, Julia Brabazon's sister having married a hard, selfish, unfeeling husband, one would close the book with a certain amount of uncomfortable sentiment if she had been left in his tormenting hands. So the hard husband is "mercifully removed," as good people say, and the two widowed sisters are left to give one another such solace as they can. There is nothing sublimely blissful in such a close for a heroine, but still let us remember that she had sinned, and could not therefore, with any regard to social justice, be allowed to go and live happy ever after; and in the same way, as her sister had not sinned in this particular mode, she might well be relieved of her burdensome lord, on the theory that in this world most things come tolerably right if you will only give them time. All wrongdoing, again, is complex, and hence it is impossible to bring things back to what their state had been previously to the wrongdoing. You may modify some of the effects, but some of them will remain beyond control. Thrown overboard by Julia, the hero wins the love of another woman. Here an element is introduced which at once makes the original perfidy absolutely irretrievable by any amount of repentance. Julia may repent and again repent. Her lord may die and set her free. Her lover may still be as much alive as ever to the old fascination. But the new element makes the problem for ever insoluble. You cannot, as George Eliot says, manipulate human beings as if they were only pawns on a chess-board. And the other woman to whom Harry Clavering had given himself after Julia's perfidy cannot in any way be manipulated off the scene. The lover may

* *The Claverings*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1867.

throw her over, if he likes, but then he would have felt more or less uncomfortable for the rest of his days if he had thrown her over. The unlucky maiden herself would have been left to wear the willow in misery for at least some long time to come. Julia even would have thought the less of her lover for perpetrating a sort of imitation of her own selfish perfidy. Besides that, two honest families would have been plunged into uneasiness and misery—the one that the son of the house should have done a shameful thing, the other that the daughter of the house should have suffered a shameful thing. What has been done cannot in these matters be undone without a *deus ex machina*, and Mr. Trollope's whole notions of art forbid him to resort to this inartistic divinity. The social law must take its course. It is one of Mr. Trollope's merits that he knows how to temper judgment with mercy. He insists that Harry Clavering shall be true to his honour, but he does not quite refuse, as Theodore Burton does, to understand how his hero ever came to entertain the notion of being false to his honour. "When a true man has loved with all his heart and soul," he asks, "does he cleanse his heart of that passion when circumstances run against him and he is forced to turn elsewhere for his life's companion? Or is he untrue as a lover in that he does not waste his life in desolation because he has been disappointed? Or does his old love perish and die away because another has crept into his heart?" Mr. Trollope defends his hero, therefore, both for betrothing himself to Florence Burton, and also in a manner for letting his heart stray to his old love "when she returned to him still young, still beautiful, and told him with all her charms and all her flattery how her heart stood towards him." After this we come to a rather over-subtle distinction which Mr. Trollope draws between love and devotion. A man may love many women, he says, but should be devoted only to one. Devotion is independent of love, and is owed by any man to any woman who has promised to be his wife. What does it consist in? In "defending her at all hazards from every misadventure, in struggling ever that she may be happy, in seeing that no wind blows upon her with needless severity, that no ravaging wolf of a misery shall come near her, that her path be swept clean for her—as clean as may be, and that her roof-tree be made firm upon a rock." This is no doubt a very sound and wholesome doctrine. Only, if it be so, does not what Mr. Trollope calls devotion lack the one thing needful in a woman's eyes, the one quality that makes her value the rock-like firmness of her roof-tree? Would not most fine-natured women be very ready to sacrifice ever so much of devotion for ever so little of love? However, the side which Mr. Trollope brings into most prominence, the prudential, decorous, roof-tree side, is just that to which men's selfishness or their caprice is most apt to blind them, and therefore his ethical strain is full of value. Yet can we be sure that, in spite of his reservation of devotion, his idea that one may love many women is free from peril? In the present instance, at all events, he conveys his hero through whatever peril there may be, and hands him over loyally to the humbler love who has never played him false. Mr. Trollope is almost spiteful in his resolution to punish Lady Ongar for her first mercenary faithlessness, for he contrives at last to make Clavering the next heir to a baronetcy and a big estate, so that Julia, if she had stuck to her lover, would have got all that she wanted. Nobody can pretend that the author's moral is not good and impressive.

Some of the minor characters are photographs of the most perfect kind. The hard, selfish Sir Hugh, and his brother the soft, selfish Archie, and the feebly acute Boodle, are all excellent. Count Peteroff is only a shadow of a character, and his intriguing sister is more conventional and unreal than is usual with the author. The fun of Madame Godeloup strikes us as forced. We should be disposed to doubt whether Mr. Trollope knows a real Godeloup; for, in drawing people who must have come under his actual observation, he seldom makes a wrong stroke or inserts a bit of unfitting colour. His characteristic humour is, in truth, only a very strong form of common sense reflecting known and observed realities. This may not produce the greatest works, but it always guarantees us works that are honest, truthful, and artistic.

AGRIPPINA, THE MOTHER OF NERO.*

THE evil eyes of the Julias, Agrippinas, and Messalinas of the Roman Empire appear not to have lost their terrible power of fascination even in these latter days. M. Adolf Stahr is an erudite and experienced writer, but his matured intellect appears to be spellbound in the same circle which charms the genius of the youngest and least decent of English poets. M. Stahr's remarkable study of Cleopatra, which we noticed two years ago, seemed to be a mere tour de force of his eccentric mind. It was in reality only the prelude to a symphony which now seems to have reached its culminating movement, its *allegro furioso*. Two volumes of further "Pictures from Antiquity" have since that time flowed from his indefatigable pen. The first contained the biographies of Scribonia, "the Niobe of the Imperial house"; of Livia, the most determined of stepmothers; of Julia, the most "terrible" of daughters; and of Agrippina the elder, the heroic consort of the worthy Germanicus. The second volume, now before us, bears the title of "Agrippina, the Mother of Nero,"

but, as the author reminds his readers, its contents beggar even so promising a title. Round the central portrait are gathered sketches of other equally doubtful characters—of Messalina, the notorious consort of the Emperor Claudius; and of Poppaea Sabina, Nero's second wife; as well as a tribute to the memory of the virtuous Octavia, who serves as a foil to the monsters of iniquity environing her. M. Stahr is rapidly qualifying himself for the fame of the Tussaud of Roman history, and, as he appears to intend to continue his labour of love in this congenial field, we have no doubt that he will extend his gallery of portraits till it reaches the confines of Gibbon's work. In the hands of that historian may safely be left the reputations of the princesses of the later Empire.

There is abundance of historical scepticism in the present volume, but it chiefly travels in well-worn tracks. Where M. Stahr sees reason to doubt the accuracy of the received tradition, and to impugn the authenticity of views stated or insinuated by Tacitus, he generally agrees in the main with Mr. Merivale. The labours of Dr. G. R. Sievers take up the history of Nero at the point where M. Stahr's volume comes to an end, and we have therefore heard nearly all that has to be suggested in modification of the received accounts. In the characters of M. Stahr's two heroines-in-chief—Agrippina the less and Messalina—there is not much which even the most ingenious artist can succeed in whitewashing; nor is M. Stahr very successful in the few attempts of the kind upon which he has ventured. Messalina, he informs us, is free from the charge of having been a spendthrift. This negative virtue is evident from "the remarkable circumstance that in the list of her sins not a single instance of luxurious indulgence (*luxus*) and extravagant waste, the universal vices of her day, is mentioned." Tacitus certainly does mention a very notable instance, but he mentions it as an exception (*Annals*, xi. 31). We are therefore willing to grant M. Stahr's position, but feel much inclined to add the question "What then?" If the fact proves anything, it proves that the nature of this wanton and intriguer was cold and calculating at bottom, and that her vices were more her own than those of her times. With regard to the doubts thrown upon the credibility of the whole story of Messalina's marriage with Silius, supposing it not to have been preceded by her divorce in due form from the Emperor Claudius, they are merely a repetition of Mr. Merivale's comments, and therefore call for no new consideration. Both writers proceed upon the belief that the intellectual capacity of Claudius was by no means so low as has been generally assumed; and M. Stahr is of opinion that the famous *Luctus de Morte Claudii*, ordinarily ascribed to Seneca (of which a spirited version is added in the Appendix to the present work), was in reality the production of a far inferior and utterly unconscientious partisan of Agrippina and Nero. We will merely observe that Tacitus was as well aware as his modern critics of the monstrous nature of the event, and of the absolute incredulity with which his account would be received by posterity. With a solemnity unusual even in him, he therefore states that he has written nothing *miraculi causa*, but will relate what older authorities (*seniores*) have heard and written. It is all very well for Nipperdey to add, in a note, that this declaration applies to the whole work of Tacitus, or to insinuate that the *seniores* all derived their accounts from the memoirs of Agrippina. Beyond a doubt Tacitus fully believed the truth of the strange occurrence, while foreseeing the cavils which would be brought forward against its authenticity. His manner is very different when he relates a fact as to which he cannot conscientiously conceal his own doubts, though unwilling to allow its force, if true, to be lost.

Nor has M. Stahr thrown any new light upon the question concerning the death of Britannicus—a question recently discussed by several English writers. The following is his statement of the difficulties involved in the received account:—

As has been already indicated, the whole account of the poisoning of Britannicus is open to suspicion. Whoever reads the narrative of the three above-mentioned writers [Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dio Cassius] with an impartial eye, will unquestionably find them very greatly to resemble an episode in a romance; and while generally the stories of poisonings in this period should be received with extreme caution, there is probably none so well adapted to arouse distrust as that which brings on the scene Nero, when scarcely eighteen years of age, already in the character of an adept in crime, of a master of the grandest style of hypocrisy and bare-faced (*effrontery*) dissimulation. There exist psychological impossibilities which are stronger than all so-called direct evidence of writers who, not even as contemporaries, far less as eye-witnesses, derive their narrative from sources of partly a very impure nature. The shy young Emperor who trembled at the threats of his mother was scarcely the man to dare a deed of this kind. The Nero whom Seneca after the end of the first year of the reign—and this was the year of the death of Britannicus—was able to describe as a model of clemency, while enthusiastically praising (and, let us add, praising in accordance with truth) his aversion against signing the death-warrant of a criminal—this same Nero cannot have done what Suetonius, Tacitus, and Dio Cassius made him do against Britannicus. Seneca himself must have been the vilest of men if he could have written of a fratricide—written openly before all the world in his book *De Clementia*—what he there has said and written of the young Emperor, his pupil.

The first psychological impossibility consists, we suppose, in the circumstance that a shy young Emperor who trembled at his mother's threats should have been capable of asserting his independence by so horrible a deed. Now, in the first place, if Nero did commit the deed, it was because he trembled at his mother's threats, and was resolved to remove the only cause which could make them eventually terrible, that he violently roused himself to the perpetration of the crime. On the other hand, if it is from the tainted source of Agrippina's memoirs that Tacitus really

* *Agrippina die Mutter Neros. (Bilder aus dem Alterthume.)* Von Adolf Stahr. Berlin: 1867.

derived his account, why may we not with equal right assume that in those memoirs the disappointed mother exaggerated, even to misrepresentation, the devotion and docility of her son at the commencement of his reign? But we of course prefer to accept the received account of Nero's early docility and shyness as in the main correct. What psychological impossibility, however, is involved in the sudden change in a character so devoid as Nero's of all moral self-control, and so prompt to act upon the one motive which, besides vanity, decided his conduct at the most momentous epochs of his life—namely, the motive of fear? M. Stahr, we observe, sees no reason to doubt the murder of his mother by Nero—an incomparably more horrible and unnatural crime, which took place at an interval of only four years from the death of Britannicus. If there is no psychological impossibility in an act of matricide committed at the age of twenty-two, we cannot discover any such in the murder of a relative committed at the age of eighteen; while, on the other hand, the fact of the first murder materially helps to account for the perpetration of the second and more terrible crime. For the rest, the history of tyrants of all ages and countries teems with instances of murders instigated by their fears at the very outset of their reigns, since it is precisely at that period that there exists the strongest and most irresistible motive for removing inconvenient rivals. At what age does M. Stahr believe the commission of a murder to become psychologically explicable? Lastly, as to the evidence supposed to be derived from Seneca's praises of Nero's clemency—the treatise, we may well believe, was written to glorify the master rather than the pupil, just as the speeches which Nero had formerly delivered to the Senate, developing his clemency, were, according to the suggestion of Tacitus, composed *testificando, quam honesta præciperet, vel jactandi ingenii*. And moreover, supposing Nero to have been guilty of "fratricide," what is to justify us in supposing Seneca to have been cognizant of the act? A note of Professor Nipperdey to Tacitus (*Annals* xiii. 18), where the historian states that some persons accused men who laid claim to a high standard of morality of having received houses and villas as the spoils of the deed? Nipperdey explains this to refer to Burrus, and particularly to the philosopher Seneca; and Nipperdey alone, and not Tacitus, is responsible for the interpretation. Even if we accept it, there remains the undoubted fact that Seneca, after being acquainted with Nero's murder of his mother, continued in the Imperial service and confidence. The "psychological" difficulty, therefore, reduces itself in the present instance to this—that, in the case of Britannicus, the philosopher added to the hypocrisy of political conduct the hypocrisy of a literary lie; and as he afterwards showed himself perfectly capable of the one, we can see no impossibility involved in supposing him capable of the other.

We pass over the other considerations adduced by M. Stahr to throw doubt upon Nero's guilt. He states it to have been a fact that Britannicus was subject to attacks such as preceded his death, because Nero would otherwise not have dared to assert such to be the case, in the presence of Agrippina and the whole Imperial family. Tacitus explains this difficulty rationally enough. Agrippina was overcome by fear; Octavia had long learnt, young as she was, the bitter necessity of dissimulation. Again, Dio Cassius's anecdote of the rain's having washed away the chalk by which Nero had intended to hide the effects of the poison is held by M. Stahr to prove that after death no traces of poison were visible on the body. The ingenuity of this conclusion is beyond us; and we merely note that an able writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* of July, 1865, while expressing his doubts on the story of the murder of Britannicus, declared his conviction that the narrative of Dio Cassius was absurd, because "science knows of no poison which instantaneously blackens the face of the victim." Thus, of Nero's defenders one rejects the account of Dio Cassius because it is at variance with scientific experience, the other accepts it because it proves the contrary of what it asserts.

The Commentaries of Agrippina came to an end with her life; and M. Stahr therefore accepts without further scepticism the account given by the ancient historians of her murder by her son. This tragic story is retold with elaborate pathos. No power of narrative can add to its awful horrors; but M. Stahr is a great adept in the art of expansion, and Tacitus, who no doubt might have covered more pages than he has done, bears a great deal of expanding. Those readers who admire this style of writing, and who like to have a harrowing narrative interspersed with descriptive bits of local colouring, will find their tastes abundantly gratified. The circumstance that it was at Bâle that Nero embraced his mother for the last time offers an obvious opportunity for two pages of rapture about the incomparable bay; and M. Stahr has not been "a Year in Italy" in vain, for he introduces his reminiscences after the manner of certain popular preachers who, they also, have been pilgrims to the Holy Land. It is difficult to quarrel with an author who offers us so much description into the bargain; but, on the other hand, when M. Stahr professes to translate, we might wish that he would put a curb upon his expansive powers. Poppæa Sabina, upon whose amber hair and baths of asses' milk M. Stahr dwells with unfeigned delight, is described by Tacitus to have been distinguished by "*sermo comis, nec absurdum ingenium*." In the translation this grows into "her powers of conversation won all hearts, her intellectual gifts were of an extremely high order (*höchst bedeutend*)."[†] This may seem a slight and venial addition of colouring, but it sufficiently exemplifies M. Stahr's treatment of

ancient authorities when he condescends to use instead of abusing them.

From the perusal of this clever production of a gifted writer few readers will, we think, rise without at least a faint sense of nausea. This will be partly due to the nature of the subject, frequently revolting under even the most dignified treatment; partly, we have no hesitation in saying it, to the manner in which the author handles its details. M. Stahr will not object to be compared to Gibbon; and to Porson's criticisms on that great writer we therefore venture to draw his attention. With a learning almost equal to that of Mr. Merivale, with whose conclusions he in the main agrees, the German writer has already gone over much of the ground traversed by our distinguished historian. For English readers, therefore, at all events, there is little necessity to accompany M. Stahr through his gallery of crowned tigresses and stolaed courtesans. It is a different feeling from that of prudery which obliges us to remark that, admirable and indefatigable cicerone though he be, we have had enough, and more than enough, of his Pictures.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE great work on the Eternal City with which the name of Alfred von Reumont*, already favourably known for researches into Italian history, is perhaps destined to be chiefly associated, does not, so far as we can perceive, contain anything absolutely new to the historian or archaeologist. It is nevertheless a great work in other respects than its imposing dimensions. The stores of information it displays might have been amassed at home, but the author's perfect command over them could only have been acquired by long-continued familiarity with the localities to which they relate. This thorough acquaintance with his subject, however, has not diminished Herr von Reumont's interest in it; he is not only able to grasp it with the ease of a master, but to approach it with the freshness of a novice. The result is a very lively as well as a very erudite work, the scope of which is nearly the same as of that originally designed by Gibbon. The *Decline and Fall*, conceived amid the ruins of the city, was originally intended to be a treatise upon those eloquent hieroglyphics of decay. The decline of Roman greatness was to be traced in the shattered arch, the prostrate column, the mouldering rampart. This is nearly what Herr von Reumont has done, but his architectural descriptions are accompanied by a continuous narrative, briefly but vigorously sketching the historical outlines and the leading characteristics of the periods to which the various remains belong. The first volume conducts the reader to the fall of the Western Empire, the two which are to follow will describe the no less interesting edifices of the Papal epoch. The work was undertaken at the suggestion of the late King of Bavaria, to whose deserts as a patron of literature, as well as those of the late King of Prussia, the author pays a flattering but well-merited tribute in his introduction.

As Dr. Ebert† has seen fit to commence his history of Prussia at 1411, it is rather amusing to find him acknowledging, in his preface, that Prussia cannot be properly said to have existed until 1640. Be this as it may, it is certain that the chronicle of Brandenburg before the Great Elector possesses no more interest than that of any other petty German principality. With the Great Elector a new period begins, and although he did not actually attain the Royal title, this remarkable man, too little known out of his own country, is justly regarded by Prussians as the real founder of the monarchy. It is significant enough that the forty-eight years of his government occupy nearly three times as much of Dr. Ebert's space as the two hundred and nineteen preceding. His successor was a good-natured but feeble and extravagant prince, whose failings, however, from the peculiar circumstances of the times, proved almost as useful to the country as the martial and administrative talents of his predecessor. The same may be said of the very dissimilar faults of his successor, for whom Dr. Ebert does his best, as in duty bound, but whom he will never persuade any one but a Prussian or Mr. Carlyle to regard otherwise than as a peculiarly surly and shabby despot, happily endowed with an instinctive passion, rather than a rational preference, for order and economy. Dr. Ebert is the model of a popular historian, and deserves the highest praise for the lucid, animated, and regular flow of his narrative.

It is not in human nature to bear great and unexpected success with philosophical equanimity. We must not be too hard upon the Prussians if Count Bismark has succeeded in convincing them, not only of his talents, but of his virtues. What before the war seemed, and was, an iniquitous aggression, has now somehow become the magnanimous uprising of an injured nation in its own defence. Even the most advanced democrats

Greatly venerate the recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

Hiltl's‡ history of the Bohemian campaign is a very fair example of the popular literature called forth by this state of feeling. It is as attractive to the masses as full-page woodcuts and fiery

* *Geschichte der Stadt Rom*. Von Alfred von Reumont. Bd. 1. Berlin: Decker. London: Asher & Co.

† *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats bis zum Regierungsantritt Friedrichs des Grossen*. Von Dr. Felix Ebert. 2 Bde. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Der Böhmisches Krieg*. Von Georg Hiltl. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

patriotism can make it; to less prepossessed readers it offers the attraction of a clear and spirited narrative. Dozens of similar publications circulate throughout the country, and are for the most part admirably calculated to encourage a spirit of servility at home and arrogance abroad.

The second volume of the narrative of the Prussian expedition to Japan* presents a lively picture of the present situation of that country. We could wish it were more flattering to European self-complacency, but, although there seems no reason to question either the good intentions or the fairness of the various negotiators who have opened Japan to our commerce and ideas, there seems little reason to believe that these well-meant efforts have as yet resulted in anything but mischief. It would be difficult to point out any particular in which the Japanese have been gainers, while the evils of foreign intercourse are too visible in pestilence, discord, immorality, the dearth of all the necessities of life, the extortions of unscrupulous traders, and such lamentable affairs as the bombardment of Kagoshima. According to the Prussian officers, this unfortunate affair was universally considered in Japan as a repulse for the English, who found it easier to burn a town built of paper and straw than to silence the fortifications which defended it. It is not surprising that the Japanese authorities should have evinced a profound indisposition to conclude any more treaties, and have struggled against the Prussian proposals with all the diplomatic craft of which they are such consummate masters. They could not or would not understand the position of Prussia as representative of the entire Zollverein, and shrank aghast from the idea of negotiating with thirty States at once. Count Eulenburg overcame their repugnance by threatening them with an embassy from each of the Zollverein States. The terror of receiving envoys from Hohenzollern-Hechingen and Reuss-Greiz overcame their fortitude, and the Prussians obtained a treaty more desired for its probable effect on the national prestige than on the national balance-sheet. Blended, not over skillfully, with the diplomatic narrative are some interesting chapters on the productions, manners, and religion of the country. Almost everything we read is calculated to increase our respect for a race so industrious, intelligent, and good-humoured. Their agricultural economy, in particular, is an extraordinary instance of the enlightened application of strenuous and systematic labour. Religion, as in China, presents the singular spectacle of three creeds flourishing together in perfect harmony. The relation between the old State-religion and Buddhism is not wholly unlike that of the old and new dispensations in Europe; while the Confucian free-thinkers, from respect to law and custom, willingly comply with ritual observances which they do not even pretend to approve.

The object of Herr Hacker's† journey to the United States was to examine the agriculture, mines, and manufactures of the country, and its capabilities as a field for emigration. While sufficiently explicit on these subjects, he has less to say on topics which would have rendered his work interesting to the general reader. He does not appear to dislike either the country or the people, but, like many other travellers, is oppressed by the colossal monotony of the scenery and its faithful reflection in the manners and institutions of the nation. Having travelled during the most critical period of the war, he has viewed the country under somewhat exceptional circumstances. In his opinion, the American is made to be a soldier or an adventurous trader; he does not possess the requisites for a career of steady plodding industry, and the German immigration supplies the country with precisely the elements it requires.

Dr. Pagenstecher‡ has discovered that the Balearic Isles afford one of the most delightful excursions conceivable for tourists who are not over particular respecting their personal comforts. Even these are likely to be cared for if the traveller has the good fortune to make the acquaintance of any of the principal inhabitants. The Spanish, or rather the Catalau, character appears to display itself to great advantage in these islands, not yet corrupted by the influx of tourists, and too unimportant to be the prey of political or military adventurers. The natural attractions are very considerable, combining the picturesqueness of mountain scenery with magnificent marine prospects, while the vegetation has something of an African character. The botanist and zoologist are fully at home here, while the archaeologist may puzzle himself over the singular round towers akin to the Sardinian *nuraghe*, and, like them, the relics of the pre-Carthaginian era.

Great indeed must be the contrast between the palm and orange groves of Majorca and the surf-worn hillocks of sand which here and there dot the monotonous coast-line of West Schleswig.§ Yet even those lonely spots are not devoid of the picturesqueness inherent in wild and waste scenery of every kind, while the ceaseless struggle of the inhabitants with the encroaching billows invests their shores with a human interest which the Balearics do not possess. Herr Johansen, at all events, has found enough to say about them. He paints the sturdy Frisian inhabitants in colours as simple as their manners, and as forcible as their cha-

acters; and pleasantly varies his description with picturesque legends, mostly referring to the devastations of the sea.

Dr. Pallmann* is dissatisfied with the current theories respecting the lake-dwellers whose remains have recently been discovered in such abundance over a large part of Europe. In his opinion they were trading stations belonging to merchants, who thereby kept up a communication between the Mediterranean and the amber-yielding shores of the Baltic. The objections to this theory lie on the surface. The lake-dwellings are far too numerous to have served any such purpose, and their disposition with reference to each other bears not the slightest resemblance to that of a chain of fortified posts. They seem very ill-adapted for the halting-places of a caravan, and nothing can well be clearer than that the articles found in them belonged both to a permanent population, and to one too little advanced in refinement to have more than a casual connexion with Phenicians or Massaliots. There is nothing to favour Dr. Pallmann's view but the occurrence of a few exceptional articles, for which the received explanation sufficiently accounts.

"Twelve Champions of the Revolution"† compose a motley group, from the constitutional Cavour to such ultra-Reds as Hecker and Bakunin. In a biographical point of view these sketches are extremely desultory and defective, but they are attractive from the glimpses they afford of the private life of refugees in England. The sketches of Karl Blind and Freiligrath are especially interesting, and many English readers will not be displeased to learn something about men known to many among us as excellent citizens here, however obnoxious they may have rendered themselves to the authorities at home. One conclusion appears tolerably obvious, that, but for the inviolable asylum afforded by this country, the champions of political liberty on the Continent would long since have become either convicts or Americans. This simple reflection does not seem to have occurred to the biographers, who occasionally indulge in illiberal sneers at the expense of a country to which at least six out of their twelve paladins have been, at some time or other, indebted for their liberty or livelihood.

The simultaneous publication of two works on the late Friedrich Rückert‡ recalls to notice the name of a gifted writer, who has been almost ignored for the last twenty years. Such neglect is certainly but little creditable to the taste or gratitude of Germans. It is, however, too frequent a phenomenon in their literary history to excite much remark. English travellers have been known to search Berlin in vain for a reader of Fouqué, whose best productions are so thoroughly naturalized among ourselves. Tieck, Hoffmann, Novalis, Platen, and Schefer have fared no better, and we strongly suspect that the present generation has derived its acquaintance with all its best imaginative writers from the literary history and the *Conversations-Lexikon*. It is, therefore, matter for congratulation that two writers should have arisen to remind their countrymen of the treasure they possessed in Rückert. In some respects this extraordinary man stands alone, not merely among Germans, but among poets. As a narrative and descriptive poet his place is high, as the lyricist of happy love he has rarely been surpassed, while his claims as a didactic poet and as a master of form and melody are equally conspicuous. The opulence of his diction represents a corresponding wealth of ideas, and the most ardent emotion is enshrined in the elaborate artifice of his verse. His one besetting sin was triviality, which increased upon him as household cares contracted his thoughts within a narrower circle, and the assiduous cultivation of his poetical gifts rendered it almost more easy for him to express himself in verse than in prose. The consequence was the accumulation of a vast quantity of tuneful jingle, which disfigures the later volumes of his works, but does not interfere with those on which his fame is principally based. Both Dr. Beyer and Professor Fortlage have rendered good service to his memory—the former by a neat biography, the latter by a judicious criticism. Rückert's portrait, as both concur in delineating it, does not altogether accord with the ideal which will probably have been formed by most of his readers. The poetical optimist, the tender and cheerful singer of "Love's Spring," was, we learn, a man of lofty stature and athletic frame, with a commanding presence and an eagle eye. Though most amiable in his domestic circle, he loved seclusion, was uncompromising in his antipathies, and only to be approached with considerable precaution. His judgment was sound, and his opinions moderate. Dr. Beyer's volume contains some interesting details respecting the rustic beauty to whom he addressed the charming sonnets entitled "Amaryllis," but who, fortunately for him, was entirely unmoved by them.

The volume of Klopstock's correspondence, edited by Lappenberg § contains all the letters written by, or addressed to, the poet which have not as yet been comprised in any collection. Such an assemblage cannot fail to be interesting, as Klopstock's acquaint-

* *Die Pfahlbauten und ihre Bewohner. Eine Darstellung der Cultur und des Handels der Europäischen Vorzeit.* Von Dr. R. Pallmann. Greifswald: Akademische Buchhandlung. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Zwölf Streiter der Revolution.* Von Gustav Struve and Gustav Rasch. Berlin: Wegener.

‡ *Friedrich Rückert's Leben und Dichtungen.* Von Dr. C. Beyer. Coburg: Sengelbach.

§ *Friedrich Rückert und seine Werke.* Von C. Fortlage. Frankfurt: Sauerländer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Briefe von und an Klopstock. Ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeschichte seiner Zeit.* Mit erläuternden Anmerkungen herausgegeben von J. M. Lappenberg. Braunschweig: Westermann. London: Asher & Co.

* *Die Preussische Expedition nach Ost-Asien.* Nach amtlichen Quellen. Bd. 2. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Amerikanische Reise-Skizzen aus dem Gebiete der Technik, Landwirtschaft und des sozialen Lebens.* Von Ludwig Häcker. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Insel Mallorca. Reiseskizze.* Von Dr. H. A. Pagenstecher. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Halligenbuch. Eine untergehende Inselwelt.* Von C. Johansen. Schleswig: Heiberg.

ance embraced all the literary notabilities of his country. The general impression is very favourable, although there is no effort to shine, and the laborious bard of the "Messiah" was not the man to shine without an effort. Some of his earlier letters are amusingly sentimental; in later life he appears very unaffected and cordial. One particular epistle signed "G." is a standing puzzle to the critics, who cannot determine whether to attribute it to Goethe or not.

A new translation of Shakspeare*, under the superintendence of Friedrich Bodenstedt, deserves the encouragement due to an undertaking of national importance. The standard version, by Schlegel and Tieck, appears to occupy a position corresponding to Pope's Homer in this country; every one considers it inadequate, but no one has yet been able to supersede it. Should the present attempt fail, we may conclude that it is not destined to be displaced. Herr Bodenstedt, perhaps the greatest living master of poetical style in Germany, has assembled a powerful corps of auxiliaries—Freiligrath, whose translations are almost as famous as his original poems; Gildemeister, the successful translator of Byron; Paul Heyse, and others. Delius, one of the best Shakspearean critics, undertakes the revision of the text. The form of the edition is convenient, and the price moderate. Two plays have already appeared—*Othello*, rendered by Bodenstedt, and *King John*, by Gildemeister. Both appear to us very ably translated, especially the former.

Helgo und Sigrun†, a miniature epic by Ernst Mevert, is remarkable as an attempt to restore the alliterative metre of the Scalds. The writer has done more than copy the metrical forms of the Icelandic bards, he has imbibed a goodly portion of their spirit. The peculiar form he has adopted is only suitable for a limited range of subjects, but most modern poets might take example by the unflagging energy of his narrative, and the transparent purity of his style.

It is difficult to say how much of his "Myrtle of Killarney"‡ Julius Rodenberg wishes us to receive as matter of fact. Probably, as in the case of certain prescriptions, "as much as we can swallow." Our own powers of deglutition do not extend beyond the belief that Herr Rodenberg has actually been to Killarney, and that the adventures he relates might have occurred to him there had the Destinies so ordained. To speak the language of German philosophy, his sensations have assumed an objective character, and Biddy and Larry, Thady and M'Crie, faithfully as well as picturesquely embody the impressions of an observing and intelligent tourist. The sentiment is sometimes a little too obviously hollow, the jocosity somewhat too evidently forced, but on the whole the book does credit to Herr Rodenberg's skill as a manufacturer of light literature. It is a gem both of typographic and xylographic elegance.

Nothing, apparently, is more difficult than to produce a readable German novel in three volumes, and nothing could have more exalted our appreciation of Herman Grimm's unquestionable talent than the ability he has just shown to achieve this feat. "Invincible Powers"§ is not indeed a work to be perused with breathless interest for the sake of the incidents, nor does the delineation of character greatly surpass mediocrity. But we always feel that we are in the company of an accomplished observer of life and society, whose style bears the perpetual impress of intellectual refinement. The scene is partly laid in America, which enables the author to show that he can describe foreigners without falling into caricature.

Arthur Stahl's|| novelettes belong to a class of literature in which German writers excel, and are for the most part very elegant, agreeable little stories. Among them is a translation of Longus's *Daphnis and Chloë*.

* *William Shakspeare's Dramatische Werke*. Uebersetzt von F. Bodenstedt, F. Freiligrath, O. Gildemeister, u. s. w., unter Mitwirkung von N. Delius. Bdch. 1, 2. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Helgo und Sigrun*. Heldengedicht von Ernst Mevert. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Myrthe von Killarney*. Ein modernes Idyll. Von Julius Rodenberg. Berlin: Grote.

§ *Unüberwindliche Mächte*. Roman von Herman Grimm. 3 Bde. Berlin: Herz. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Novellen und Skizzen*. Von Arthur Stahl. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Asher & Co.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—Friday, May 24, 8½. James's Hall.—The DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT. LAST CONCERT. Madrigals, Part Songs, and (by desire) a Selection of Sacred Music, including Mendelssohn's *Psalm* "Hear My Prayer," and "Judge Me O God." Soloists: Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey-Whitlock, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and the Brothers Thorne.—Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s., at all Musicellers'.

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MUSICAL UNION.—M. and Madame JAELL, AUER, and GRÜTZMACHER, Solo Violoncellist from Dresden, on Tuesday, May 28. J. ELLA, Director, 18 Hanover Square.

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April 30, 1867. By Order, WILLIAM R. HUGHES, Secretary.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, MR. JOHN PARRY, and Miss SUSAN GALTON in their New Entertainment, "A DREAM IN VENICE," by T. W. Rosenshaw; after which a New Domestic Scene, entitled "MERRY-MAKING, or BIRTHDAY FESTIVITIES," by Mr. Jones Payne. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Thursday and Saturday at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

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HORSE SHOW, Agricultural Hall, London.—OPENING DAY and JUDGING, Saturday, May 25.

HORSE SHOW, Agricultural Hall, London.—Admission, First Day, Half-a-Crown; all other days, One Shilling.

HORSE SHOW, Agricultural Hall, London.—May 25. Private Boxes and Reserved Seats.

HORSE SHOW, Agricultural Hall, London.—May 25. Entrance, Islington Green only.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.